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"If a man does not keen nace with his companions, perhaps it is because he bears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. Henry David Thoreau

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 4

- GETTING OFF
 - MALE CALL: Readers write
- TIT TORTURE BLUES by Jack Fritscher How you do me when you do me like you do!
- 19 WANNA BASSLE? By Hank Trout, WCWC, Chicago The roar of the 'pits! The smell of the jocks!
- MEDITATIONS ON ARTHUR TRESS By Jack Fritscher One j/o pic is worth a 1000 j/o words.

26 MR. BENSON by Jack Prescott Part 2 Introducing a brand new serial about a lad lost in his LaCoste, A conversionary leather tale of

decloning . . .

- HARRY CHESS by A. Jay Wherein madness takes its toll because sanity has lost its appeal . . .
- ASTROCOCKLIC : GEMINI by Aristide Are all Geminis really nightblooming narcissi?
- 36 DRUMSTICKS by A-Jaques Ottis Hoo Ha
- DRUMBEATS Correspondence with wild and crazy guys!
- ZEUS CENTERFOLD: MEN IN BONDAGE Gods from ZEUS in Mondo Bondage
- 57 PRISON PUNK Part 4 by Frank O'Rourke Notes on strict prison reform (heh heh)
- 63 DRUMMER VISITS THE BROTHEL S.F.'s hottest hotel for bed 'n' steam

- BOOK REVIEWS by John Preston
- DRIIM by Bill Ward Come blow your horn!
 - TOUGH SHIT Straights do the "cutest" things . .
 - TOUGH CUSTOMERS These guys mean the mean they mean!
- 80 PHUNKY PROVINCETOWN by John Preston Eat. drink, and don't be Mary!
- BAR/BATH SCENE '79 Where the Big Boys Are . . .

COVER PHOTO: Bob and Val by DAVID SPARROW PHOTOGRAPHY CONTENTS PAGE PHOTO From the ZEUS collection

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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sary of DRUMMER, it falls to the publi- important part of one of the sources of sher to Say Something, it usually follows: gay communication. There is an acute that I should compare things as they were scarcity of communication in our nationleast line up the Anniversary Issue with

to do a gay version of Playboy. Then

become "Drumbeats" a few issues ago,

one recuperating, I was amazed and Some lucky gay publications attract

On this occasion of the fourth anniver- | dedicated people who see their jobs as an

existence, bigger and stronger than ever, we can't ask for much more than that. The Publisher

DRUMMER 6

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

FOOT IN MOUTH AND

I agree with E.W.'s letter in issue No.
27 (Turkish Tootsie Torture).
You promised to have foot fetish in

your fetish of the month, but never really went past the leather/boot fetish.

I'd really love to see and read about feet, and I'd like to see photos of men using their tongues to lick the smelly bare feet of their friends and masters.

My slave has to lick my feet, and I make sure he is able to tell my stinking socks from his own, blindfolded. He knows I also get off on his own toes too, and that I get really angry when he

doesn't smell natural.

Here in New York at the Mineshaft,

there is a sign which death cutter that the only perturn or scents allowed are good old weat. Come East, why don't you, and film a few scenes from the Shaft. (By the way, since you seem to know a little about the Shaft, then you know a little about the Shaft, then you cannot be supported by the state of the work of the state of the work of the state of the work of

fetishes in the near future.

New York City

TONGUE SERVICE

I recently wrote about the "Care and Training of the Male Slave" book that I paid for and didn't receive. Well, today I received the book in the mail. I applogize for writing the letter I

have a knack for jumping the gun.

As a self-imposed penance I'm offering boot-licking and crotch kissing until

my tongue falls out of my mouth. Collectable at your convenience, of course. Gratefully, a satisfied reader.

San Jose, CA

DYNAMITE DAN

I've never written a letter to a magazine before and never thought! I would until I sue 27 hit the stands. I've been never him to the sum of the sum of the theory him to the sum of the sum of the property of the sum of the sum of the hiking centerfold Dan. A fantasy of being out in the wild and finding something like that has given a whole new dimension to my backpacking days. A dimension to my backpacking days. A hot face and throat just waiting to be explored. Excellent

Secondly, I wish to thank you for choosing my picture to be among those on your first Tough Customer page in issue 25. It was both an honor and a pleasure. Thank you.

Keep up the great work.

Dale Connecticut

Boots, bondage, piss, pain, shaving and cigars - you are determined, it would seem, to root out and celebrate whatever turns your readers on. So I wonder if you have given a thought to gloves: the biker's heavy black gauntlet, hanging from an epaulet . . . the immaculate white index of the inspecting officer . . . the stretch and snap of a rubber surgical glove. pulled up to the elbow . . . the suppleness of kid, that fits like a second skin . . . the rough palm of a construction worker's glove, like the calluses underneath . . . the muffled sensation of a boxing glove, laced tightly over the wrist . . the almost unbearable smoothness of velvet, as fingertips stroke a naked

Perhaps, in your encyclopedic files, you could find some photographs of gloves — and the men who use them.

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT

I have reached my limits! I can take it no more! All those trips to the newsstand for Drummer, only to find none there, are more than I can bear. And worse, once I am there I will buy some other magazines I don't really want, just so the trip isn't a total waste. Does that make me an incurable M? Oh, sirs, I hope not. But there is only one newsstand I.

But there is only one newstand I know that ever has Drummer (in front of the bus station — where else? — and, no, I was not going to make the trip anyway). And usually they have every magazine except Drummer. Yes, I know pain is supposed to feel good, but the pain of coming home without Drummer doesn't — I would rather cum with Drummer.

So, please, sirs, send me subscription copies hot off the press. The pain of paying for a whole year at once is enough to make my checkbook hard, even tho it's only plastic leather.

And those guys at CMC Carnival in Issue 20 were enough to make me hard — and then some! Please, more hot hunks like that

And, sirs, I know I don't deserve it, but please, please, try to do a feature (story and pictures) on David Hodo of Village People. That would keep me hard all mouth!

Thanks for the hottest mag around,

(One David Hodo pic, cuming up! - Ed.)



PUNKY

I just finished reading Prison Punk: Part I in issue 27 five times. I have never considered myself a part of the S/M scene but man I sure would not hesitate to trade places with that prison punk. It almost makes me run out and get arrested.

I'm black and around 27 years old and I really tripped out on that wild scene, I can't wait until the next chapter. Some of the other things I can't get

off into, but I would like to see more prison sex.

I must hurry now and read it again and again.

Thomas

Houston, TX

LIGHT ON THE GRITTY

The photo spread of Jim Knight, in issue 28 represented what I'd like to see more of in DRUMMER. A definitely macho man who enjoys titwork, with a very well selected tattoo on a solid and muscular deltoid.

I'd like to read more fiction con-

cerning bondage and nitty gritty S/M, but your recent issues seem light on the subject.

M.K.
San Erneicse.

San Francisco, CA
MORE LETTERS ON PAGE 76

DRUMMER 7

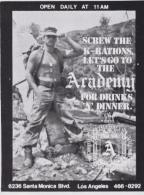
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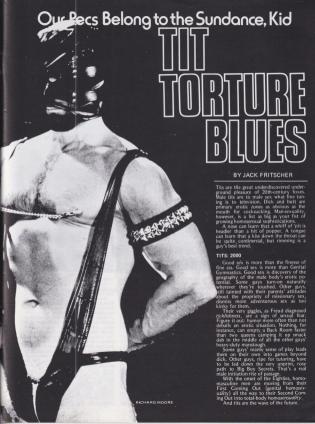
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MANLY CHESTS

"Blow in my ear and I'll follow you anywhere."

Twist a guy's tits and he'll follow you everywhere.

exery write.

antural bistory of masculinity's strength, brawery, endurance, and heart. A Man natural bistory of masculinity's strength, brawery, endurance, and heart. A Man psychologically significant than any associated the strength of the strength of

As recently as this spring Amerindian compatriot of Marlon Brando, Russell Means, the hero of Wounded Knee, danced the Sun Vow Ritual as affirmative counterpoint to the deballing of the Nat-DRUMMER 12

ive American Male, Bodybuilders, many of them homomuscular *only*, in their formal posing presentations, always include a generous number of chest manifestations, and always to great applause.

"Chest out! Stomach in!" Dialog delivered daily by every Daddy and DI on this undisciplined planet. Men have long been measured by their

Men have long been measured by their barrel-chests, recently by their defined slabs of vascular pecs, and lately by the gauge and tread of their nipples.

TIT TRIANGULATION

Titwork is sophisticated shit.— once a man makes all the connections. Connections are what homosensuality all about, an athlete knows the cause-and-effect connections of how his physical systems knows that if he is the connection of how his physical systems knows that if he is USMC look to cright his dick gets hard, bent, and attention. Discovery of dick, with its upfront demands, is easy as reaching from your So how does an adult ear become

ticinad?

How do a man's tits get hot?

Ouestion: How can a man graduate

any one of his body parts up erotically?

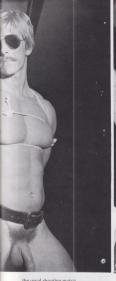
Answer: With a little help from his friends, his head, and his hands, he can be tutored — and tooted — into some sensual consciousness raising.

Tits, for those men who have yet to spark contact with those magical male dials, can be educated, if not absolutely wired, into geometry's strongest form: the triangle. Once the brain synapses the connection between a man's two tits and his one dick, the energy matrix on his torso lights up like Debble Boone's bankbook.

BASIC TRAINING

Basic sex is to sophisticated homosensuality what Army Basic Training is to the Sophisticated Training of a bodybuilder. This is no putdown of good old standbys like cocksucking and fucking. Homosensuality tends to savor all the stops along the way before getting to







the usual shooting match,

HOW DO YOU SOLVE A PROBLEM LIKE YOUR ASSHOLE?

Consider asshole. Straight guys protect their butts the way women protect their tuna. Why? Straights, when not patting buns on athletic fields and courts, call each other, "Asshole!" All-Americans shout, "Up your ass!" To Mork, "Fuck you, asshole" must sound like the American way to say goodbye

Myron/Myra Breckenridge drove straight into cowboy Rusty Godowsky's butt just like the Viet Cong fucked every American POW asshole in captivity, A military doctor, who happens to be gay, revealed recently that every POW coming home had VD up the ass. What better way to de-macho the downed Amelican Fryboy than to have some little gook prick shoot a load of diseased cum up his butt in bondage, Not too much publicity figure that those heroic POWs have enough adjustment simply returning to

our runaway American culture. Ap-parently, TIME ain't gonna level with you about what's getting fucked the way

The homosensual point is that these POWs learned something through the use and abuse of their asses: either they hated it, or they hated themselves for liking it. What an ultimate and ironic Straight Macho betraval: to have one of your own body parts tell your head that something you thought you could never

I guess, at all, Many gay men, growing up with this straight-and-narrow attitude (and that's ficulty - even while listening to The Village People - learning the pleasure of getting plugged by a dick at the YMCA. What do they think the "A" stands for

Once, however, a man immigrates from the dark interior of America, he can more freely get plugged in the sweet, dark interior of himself. Consider this

progressive Coming Out: first, using your asshole as the Way In, as well as the Way Out, had to be gotten around, "Well, Out, had to be gotten around. "Weil, maybe I'll let you kiss it" becomes "tongue it" becomes "finger it" becomes "fuck it slow" becomes "fuck it hard" becomes "can you add a little dildo in it" becomes "got any bigger dildoes" becomes "douche it lightly" becomes "a four-quart enema" becomes "fist it" becomes "double fist it."

That's what happens to the simple

Actually, that rising range is a man's REAL GRADUATION CEREMONY as he stakes out progressive ownership of the territory of his own body. Interesting, how the Terror of Penetration graduates up to an Absolute Appetite for

TITS AND THE GREASY MECHANIC

Tits get hardons. That's the bottomline: three hardons are better than one. Tits to the titillated are a hardon difficult to live without once you've thrilled to the charge those two little fuckers can put out when played properly. Warning: once charged, they and you will need

your tit fix, Nightly, Titsports are habit-forming Since the Mondo-American male knows more about his car than he does

about his body, this analog may illus-trate the value of teaching a pair of old cogs new tricks

Tits are to the dick and body what the positive and negative terminals on a Sears

DIEHARD Battery are to a hot car. The right tit and the left tit are the plus and minus battery terminals providing the current necessary to ignite the gas to cause the controlled explosion within the cylinder, thereby driving the piston downward, causing the heart of the engine, the crankshaft, to turn its torquing power to the transmission through the driveshaft to the axles, thus causing the car to lay rubber from a standing

A guy can learn a lot about sex from fucking with a mechanic! (Especially in greasy, sweaty faded blue Big Ben coveralls: but that's another trip.)

MASTERS & JOHNSON

Tit response is one of the main differences between straights and gavs. Gav men, generally not uptight about their bodies, and mouthier about exactly what they want, are willing to experiment more widely. The latest Masters and Johnson study codifies what we already know: homomasculine men dare to "go for it," dare to learn the physical connections worth learning, because they realize the multiple of pleasure they'll

reap in return for their effort You might as well grab all the gusto. You might as well grab all the gusto. You might as well take possession of your body, because, as A Chorus Line testifies, "tits and ass won't get you jobs—unless they're yours."

BODYBUILDER PECS

Tits assure Affirmative Action. Oh yeah! Ever notice a bodybuilder at the tubs? Notice how he holds back? Far from being stuck on himself, he's not even waiting for another bodybuilder necessarily. Chances are he maintains his own space because he's tired of Genital Chauvinists coming up and humping his muscular thighs like Cocker Spaniels. To them, his physique is unique; they come fast and leave him: used, abused, and bored. They may think they're original, kneeling in adoration, sucking his dick. But Mr. Physique has seen it all before.

Betcha he'll wanna getcha if you try a little man-to-man resuscitation. Forget his dick for the time being. Cup your hand around one of his Big Pecs. After all, he maiors in bench presses to pump his

Get inside his sensual focus. Bodybuilders, who know their art, are sophisticated sensually way beyond dickcentricity. A man in heavy touch with working out his major body parts, carefully isolated for a week's split routine, knows something about sensuality that is sexuality plus. Arnold Schwarzenegger said in Pumping Iron that a good workout feels

as good as coming and coming and

Scratch a hodybuilder's necs and tento-one you'll find a Tit Man.
Begin to play "Chopsticks" to Chopin

all over his chest. Fither use thumb and forefinger of both hands, one pair to each nipple: or, if you've a handspan wider than an octave, you can with one hand play both his tits and use your other hand for further man-ipulation.

Very often, men who choose to express their masculinity through the medium of muscle are heavy duty sensualists. Too often, musclemen are sensually under-read

TWO SINGULAR SENSATIONS

Man-to-man chest action, whether it's Tits-for-Two Mutuality, or whether its an S topping a Bottom's tits, ought to be an Olympic sport. You can, however, and should call "FOUL!" if, when you start rollerballing your partner's tits, his eyes go glassy, and his tongue lolls out, and he takes off to a passive galaxy Titwork is so hypnotically explosive it makes some guys hit bottom faster than the Hinden-

Ain't nothing worse than a sex partner who gets so laid back by your well orchestrated trip that he forgets you exist. You might as well be a dildo and he might as well call Dial-a-Clamp, Passivity of the partner too often comes with the territory of Titmania. Remind him that he also has hands and you also have tits and a fourhanded duet is often more fun

Masters and Johnson ought to further their study: for the man who has done every S&M thing, and wants MORE, why is it that Eine Kleine Tit Musik dropkicks him into a capacity - if not a voracity, especially in a heavy S&M scene, to take more? Is it that mantits, tuned and torture-tested, triangulate to the testicles in a transcendent power grid?

TIT PAIN: A NEW DEFINITION

One very proper San Francisco man is so into mutual tit play that he carries to the infamous South of the Slot whatever tit toys, beyond hands, that a man's mind can conjure. He is a Saint of Tit Torture. Clothes pins are child's play compared to his array of electrical alligator clamps, new surgical needles, and sterile X-acto blades whose neat little slices juice up so red and well under a pair of rubber snake-bite suction

Some guys tentatively try one of his tit clamps on their finger and whine, They fail to realize the proper sophistication of this man's sensual titplay foreplay. He ain't no Chopper Charlie or lack the Ripper. He can do to tits, and have done to his tits, manstough so severe that your head kicks out all the little protective tapes programmed into your head as a child about PAIN. Instead, his tit action teaches a man how to take possession of adult sensuality. He takes out the old protective tapes and puts in new ones to redefine the excrutiatingly exquisite

Suddenly, his partners realize that what they had once too easily, and much too quickly, defined as pain is really not pain, but is, in fact, simply heavy sen-sation. Pain is something different from heavy sensation. Heavy sensation causes no damage, no marks, Pain, as an S&M label in any scene, tits or not-tits, is confined to that upper level of heavy sensation where damage is done, where trauma happens to the body.

Nice guys don't cut off your nipples with the garden shears. That only happens in Liz Taylor movies scripted by Carson McCullers like Reflections In a

TIT MOVIE MAYHEM

Films sneak in a lot of tit shit. In Circle of Deception, Battle of Algiers, and State of Siege, men's nipples are tortured in bondage with electrical clamps attached to a "Double E 8" Field Telephone that the uniformed interrogaters crank up by the handle to send the shreiking voltage Film; State of Sieae, Set: An austere

class in interrogation, Voiceover: "Tor-

"Disciplined marine, army, and air force officers hurry down the hall toward the entrance to the room. The youngest were it not for their distinctive uniforms. would look like noisy, carefree male

The vast room is flooded with a barsh white light. The officers take their places on benches arranged in a half-circle.

The hubbub ceases abruptly. The room falls silent. Four muscular, uniformed GUARDS bring in a blindfolded of the semicircle, up to a sort of rack about two yards high. They go about stripping him as the room full of military personnel observes

Staff officers from the three branches of the armed forces take their seats on a large platform facing the benches.

The PRISONER is naked, His body is young, lean, and athletic. His tan indicates he is a relatively fresh capture. The middle pole of the rack. They bend him over backward so as to tie his wrists and ankles together. And they leave him like that, his arched naked body strained and swaying, supported only by the middle pole of the rack, which catches him in the backs of his knees.

A MAN in civilian clothes approaches the subject PRISONER. He is carrying a black plastic box, about two feet long, eight inches high. Three plastic-coated wires, each about two yards long, stick out of the top. At the ends of the wires are metal triangle clamps of different

The Man lays the box down by the

rack. He presses down a red button; suddenly the silence is broken by a shrill, insistent buzz. Close-ups of the intent young military faces observing this lesson in interrogation by torture, Calmly, the electrodes, one by one, to the most sensitive parts of the PRISONER'S body.

His ears, Gums, Nostrils, Nipples, Genitals. Anus.





Swept over by the electrical charges, the young PRISONER'S body vibrates, stretches, contracts. His wrenching, partially gagged screams heighten the intensity in the young military faces eagerly studying the interrogation techniques."

Odd, how straight men ignore their own nipples in the bedroom and head straight for another man's tits in the interrogation chamber!

In Walking Tall II, gigantic Buford Pusser is held down by muscular rednecks who slash the bejesus out of his chest and nipples with their hunting knives. Gore Vidal's Myra novel has the world's shortest chapter. It consists of Myron waking up, shouting two sentences: "My tits are gone!"

OUR PECS BELONG TO THE SUN

Frederic Remington's Own Mext decribes the Blackron Sundance Ritual in which A Boy Called Pony becomes A Am Called Horne: "Gailly attired onlookers watch with eager and sympatic interest the tortured young braves their interest the tortured young brave endure from the claws skewered brough heir chests, dance wildly, lifted time to time from the dirt floor to the roof of the wicking by hemp ropes attached to the skewers. Songs of admiration and enture the state of the skewers of the skewers of the skewers of the time of the tortions may the violent beating of the tortions.

couragement accompany in a consideration of the tomtom.

"The tortured young warrior is the epitome of the religion, the ambition and the heroic character of this Spartanlike people.

"The young aspirants, weakened by the previous fast, the peyote, and the ritual torture often fall faint and concelers to the ground; but they are pulled up by the bloody barbs through their chests and they continue their sun dance until either their flesh tears loose or it is manifest that they can endure no more, in which case they are honorably loose . . . Each, after his release from torture, receives the attentions of his relatives, who have prepared a feast for him. In after-years, the Indian braves show the scars of their ordeal with all the pride that comes from their offering a boy's chest up to a piercing and bloody rite of passage into enduring manhood.

When a man's chest belongs to the Sun, he knows the vast difference between slavish masochism and manly nobility.

HARDWARE FOR A HARD LAY'S FRIGHT

Since the brain is the main sex organ, suggestion is a sex toy's best function. With tits, your best source beyond the convenience of bars and catalogs is cruising your favorite hardware store. Reaching into bins right next to the calloused-handed general contractor come in sweaty from the job to pick up a fitting he needs, you can come across everything you need to stage at its seen.

Something can be said for the authenticity of real tools turned to real tit toys: clothes pins, for anybody but a beginner, are not worth bothering with, except for the fact that to have any really good scene, the principle is to start out slow and lead your partner into not only wanting more, but into begging for more.

Clothes pins are light enough to whet the appetite for some real play that leads up to scenes out of the Roman Martyrology where St. Agatha had her tilts tom off with redho; pincers, Joks where he got his &&M start!) Clothes pins' one drawback is their color: they remind some guys of mommy's wash. Easy antidotic; daub them black with

MAIL-ORDER TORTURE

Phillips and Fein, 166. West 21s. Phillips and Fein, 166. West 21s. When the prefer mail-orde convenience, a brown bear prefer mail-orde convenience, a brown called Tri-Order: Feintays' and Function (A Catalog for All Degress). Their "Itt clamp restraints have been ing secured directly by the nipples. When the subject is bound into various positions, the added discomfort produced by struggle, resistance, or movement of any struggle, resistance, or movement of any matter which end of the Alligators you're on." One virtue of itt clamps, whether used for heavy S&M or for sensual fun, is that each pair is like an extra pair of

TWO TO TANGLE

Pleasant man-to-man tit play can be arranged by connecting two plars of Alli-gator clamps together and then, chest to chest with your partner, clamping his left tit to your right one and his right one to your left one, the four clamps connected by a foot of chain, You'll stay close to your left one, the you'll stay close to your mutuality as you lean back, because the pressure on his tits is the same as the pull on yours. Not only are you and your buddy linked directly with tit-to-tit communication, and energy, but your

GUYS DO THIS TO EACH OTHER?

Phillips and Fein, besides wristto-anke it clamps, and it charps, and it charps, that add weight is, and includes the clamps that add weight is, and includes such as the "Till Whip," a seven-inch handle with 3% inch leather thongs designed for concentrated application, and the seven and the seve

PIERCED TO THE QUICK. QUICK!

Doug Malloy, the piecting expert of La's Gaundle: Interprise, says, "Precing of the nipples is not really new. The product were nipple nings as a sign of their virility and courage, and as a uniform accessory for securing their short capes. The practorian era to enhance the size and shape to the nipples. Toold, the lure of piecting of the nipples. Toold, the lure of piecting other means. For many, especially men into bondage and discipline, and S&M other means. For many, especially men into bondage and discipline, and S&M previously and the precision of the precision provided the precision of the precision of the previously and the precision of precision of

Malloy recommends: "Where possible, piercing should be professionally done as placement determines the nipple's development, shape, and esthetic effect. While difficult to obtain unless one knows a sympathetic doctor, anesthetics are available for the faint-of-heart. Healing normally takes six to eight weeks to



is quickest where a retainer with straight

Mallov is a Master Piercer: nipples, nawels, ook heads, and taints, (A toint is that stretch of skin between your balls and your asshole; it is called a toint because it t'ain't your balls and it t'ain't your ass.) But it can be effectively pierced and ringed. Malloy's informative and exciting catalog. "Body Piercing in Brief," is available from Gauntlet Enterprises, 7-0. Box 3930, Berenty Hills, CA

TIT BUDDIES: NYC FILTH

Fucking, sucking, and fisting are alltime favorities on the Sexual Top Ten. Tit-work is next. The East Coast, longer than the West Coast, has enlowed the annual favorities of the tension of the tension

TIT PRINCIPLE

Results are so underplayed and so hungry that to turn a man every which way including loose, all you have to go manfully to do is go manfully after his chest. It he follows you home, you can keep him.

INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING

In international Greco-Roman wrestling, "upper body techniques" score more points than a lot of diving for the legs. Globally in wrestling, Europeans easily



outclass American wrestlers because of their greater skill in what ABC-TV's WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS officially calls "Upper Body Techniques," Why leave it to the sensual Europeans? Sexually and sensually, titsports are an "upper body technique" worth the learning.

TITS FOR DAZE

Mantit training falls into educative classes. Tit response can be learned: self-taught or, better, tutored. You can roll your own, or enjoy a buddy-rub. Too many guys go for the kill too fast. What good are wrecked tits? Slow squeezing in the Big City will lay down more tread faster than apelike brutalization unless you happen to be into Neanderthal sex. which is also fun when the mood strikes

With use, tits can grow hard like a dick and bigger like a bicep. Their connections are circulatory and musculatory. In fact, among homomasculine men, big nipples have become a true sign of sen-

Big nipples on a firm chest are de-

finite status symbols. Reach under a man's white cotton teeshirt. Run your hand up his furry, hard abdomen, Find the valley between the mounds of his pecs. Spread your hand like Van Cliburn stretching for the Big Octave. (Why do you think Physique Pictorial has for years given its hot models' measurements "nipple-to-nip-ple"? That's info for Tit Freaks!) If the mantits you touch grow hard and large like living leather, your touch can very definitely tell you all you need to know about the sundance in his butch eyes.

MAN2MAN QUARTERI Y MANZMAN QUARTERLY Tits, Pits, Fists, Hard2Find Fetish Trips. Your sensual ad free with 1 yr. sub. \$5 check: MANZMAN QUARTERLY, 115 Haight, Suite 2, SF 94102. Must state over 21.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS
W/lh, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs,
cone shaped tits that never get
enough, wants to meet/hear from
heavy chetted, big titted guys into
long tit workout sessions. Live your
nipple fantary, Chest pic gets mine.
Heavy titted torso friend available
for threesomes. Box 451s.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB Guys who are turned on by tit tor-ture . . . exchange experiences, fantasies. Bob Hughes, Box 333, Lyndhurst, NJ 07071.

NIPPLE FREAK Wants to meet/correspond/exchange photos etc. with guys into their tits. Mine are big and always in need of hot workout. Into any kind of tit scene, hot to work over other guys nipples, and dirty talk, Box 20.

SAN FRANCISCO. Nipple action, w/m, 150 lbs., 32, seeks hot men with big tits for long tit work ses-sions, all scenes. Box 19.

ERECTION DEMOLITION Expert, 30, seeks work, heavy tit play my specialty. Dark haired and hairy guys my turn on. Box 28.

DRUMMER 18

A JAY'S PECS O'TOOLE







PHOTOS BY JIM KALIVODA, WCWC

Across the oil- and sweat-stained mat from me stams; the humbiest, haired mat from me stams; the humbiest, haired mat from me stams; the humbiest, baried to the control being state of the control being state of the control being state of the control being the humbiest being humbiest being the control being the contro

souris, "ele's russle!"

There is something inside man — has
always been something inside man. If
always been something inside man. If
always been something inside man. If
as to breathing and eating. For earliest
man, wrestling was a survival skill: the
strongest and most agile outlived his
predators and competitors. Despite Kubrick's 2007 contentions, man's first
weapon was his body, wrestling, his rick
out first and strongest instinct — survival.

Or, if you believe that man has a matural inclination toward violence, then matural inclination toward violence, then wrestling can be seen as the most direct outlet for that inclination. Catching a man's head in a vise-like headlock, squeezing the shit out of him with a body-scissors, driving your fist into his exposed ribcage, wrenching his neck with a full nelson — there is the attraction of body.

But no matter to what we attribute wrestling's appeal, one thing is a near with other guys on the playground to the must-do-for-a-grade wrestling in high school: from the strictly regulated intermural meets on college teams to roughhouse barroom challenges - each of us has wrestled at one time or another. And most of us enjoyed it. Some of us still do.

ing and pulling, straining for position, testing each other's strength; I duck under his right arm, drop to one knee, hoist him onto my shoulder, and flip him over in a perfect fireman's carry: he hits the mat with a thud but rolls out of the way before I can pounce on top of him; in one lightning-quick movement, he is up on one knee, facing me, ready to tie

up again . . . As a sport, there is nothing easier to eniov than wrestling. It is the simplest of sports, requiring no special equipment no expensive gear, no hoops and nets, no protective padding and helmets. All you need is an opponent and enough space to throw him around - an uncluttered living room, the wrestling room at the YMCA, outside on the grass or the beach, ble goals and strategies in, say, some team sports, the sole object of wrestling is to whip your opponent's ass by pinfal competition is the combined potential for either sole blame or total acclaim: if you lose, you cannot blame lackluster

This one-on-one nature of wrestling may well be the sport's strongest appeal to all men, gay or not. The pitting of one's strength, skill, agility, and endurance directly against another man's is as immediate, as elemental, and as rugged as

While the above all applies equally to any kind of wrestling, from the tightly number of rougher freestyle kinds of grappling, it all seems particularly true of the latter - the rough-house/freestyle wrestling. Even amateur/scholastic wrestling tends, for some of us, to become too structured, too restrictive; it becomes a far too rigid, imposed system of plotted and rehearsed maneuvering. The rougher, much more basic, much truer to the comrestrictions with risks, replace systems with spontaneity. This freeing oneself from all restrictions - a return to instincts, an acceptance of basic inclinations - can produce an intense sensation of cathartic release for the combatants.

This wonderfully sensual catharsis in wrestling, in the enjoyment of a good hard-fought match with an aggressive, determined opponent, is particularly attractive to the macho gay crowd who wrestle. In the membership directories of the large gay wrestling clubs in the country, a vast majority of the hundreds of club members identify their wrestling preferences as "freestyle" or "pro" or "rough-house no-holds-barred." This makes sense: a large part of being gay is the desire/need for unrestricted sensual contact with other men. And for many in a complete stripping - as it were - to the

. tving un with him and grinding our hard sweaty bodies into each other; he locks me in a bearhug, his large powerful arm crushing me tightly against his chest; the sweat runs down our chests, mingles with the slimy oil, and mats our thick coarse hair together; our hard cocks bang together and stab each other's groins; I grab a handful of hair, pull his head back, when that fails to break his grip ground low-hung balls.

Let's face it headlocks and hard cocks are an inseparable pair. Even all those jersey singlets are known to throw good for the erotic (sometimes) character of wrestling: the actual, physical man'sbody-to-man's- body contact of wrestling is more intense and more prolonged than pound into taut asses. The sweat literally him in a scissors with your groins clamped together, or smashing your forearm down across the flared muscles of your opponent's back - or indeed, feeling a forearm pounded into your own back, or feeling two strong hairy arms all intensely sensual experiences. Often they are wonderfully crotic. For some.

they are absolutely orgasmic. Further, wrestling of any style affords a special fantasy-fulfillment trip to many men in the leathersex crowd: a real fight for real dominance; a chance to conquer and, in the truest sense of the word. master another man, Wrestling for position, to determine topman and bottom for a scene, "winner fucks loser," or whatever, can concretely reify the Master/Slave roles, especially for two aggressive men who both tend toward top. A man who has just conquered a worthy challenger, who has just earned "the vicwho has just submitted in three out of five hard-fought falls comes better to understand the meaning of real submission to another man, to his Master, The eventual top/Master receives tangible reward for having just demonstrated his superiority to one who has admitted his shit-face inferiority, and the bottom/ slave more respectfully renders service to the man who has just earned the slave's service by whipping his ass. Wrestling for position thus adds another gruellingly sensual dimension to the mutual pleasures of S&M leathersex.

How much does wrestling's utility as a part of leathersex contribute to its rapid growth as the most popular, most widespread participatory sport among macho gay men? That's hard to say. But from the number of white terry cloth

bandanas hooked through the left-side belt loops that I've seen in leather bars lately, I suspect that much of wrestling's recent upsurge in popularity can be traced to this (Incidentally, the big white terry cloth on the right side means he wants to wrestle just for the sport of it: on the left, he wants to fight for position - wants to be challenged to a mate

fight for top/bottom.) And that's good

news - always on the lookout for new opponents! The wrestling clubs for gavs across the country - in Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles - generally adhere truthfully and strictly to the policy that they are sports-only organizations; i.e., that their function is to provide wrestlers who happen to be gay with the opportunity to correspond. and wrestle with other grapplers for the enjoyment of the sport as sport. (As President of the Windy City Wrestling Club, I have often and loudly declared my refusal to play venta to the gay community of Chicago; gay wrestlers need sports clubs, not lonely-hearts clubs.) On the other hand, these clubs' policy toward sex is one of, basically, hands-off. That is, if there is sex among the individuals' business, certainly no contrying to look in on what goes on in our beds without our prying into each

So, if you're into it - that is, if you're MAN enough for it! - write to us for an President; WINDY CITY WRESTLING CLUB; c/o Steamworks Ltd.: 3131 North

Lincoln Avenue; Chicago, IL 60657. "Now, come on, you piece of shit! Let's rassle!"

Hank Trout, President WINDY CITY WRESTLING CLUB, Chicago





MEDITATIONS ON

Mainhatter. One Arthur Tress photograph is worth a thousand words; but meditations on Tress, like Meditations on the Way of the Cross, expose access to the secret world of mascularity at once dominant and submissine, esthetic and sexual, unbrain and urban. Tress' recent exhibition at New York's Robert Samuel Gallery hung as an insight into the night time fantaxy of Male Apocalyses Portfolia. Robert Samuel Gallery Arthur Samuel Gallery through as on to defined. Egilth hundred dollars: the complete Tress Portfolia. Robert Samuel Gallery APB Rosadowy, New York, NY 10003.

CODE 1: GIFTS OF NATURE

NVC. Subway under Sixth and Houston. Far above, horns honk, Plaster dust grinds into reluctant knees. Toes bend, hurt, slide basek thru girt. Manovice: soft, celebratory, commanding from outside frame or ference. "WOBSHIP." Kneel. Bow slowly forward. Thick scent of manbucket rises to lowering face. Wet hands palm flat on crumbling floor. Screech-wheeling train crass past. Lost in the maze, Manhattan Mhontour. Love among the ruins, Total Genuflection. This room always cubicled with dark mentiled, vet; stam of black horeshoe seas against tained perceibally, stream of steaming tunned dumps. Humid drips from fur gay seence. Est and drink. For this is his Body, His worm leather boot, fich with woolsock sweat, remains planted firmly forever,

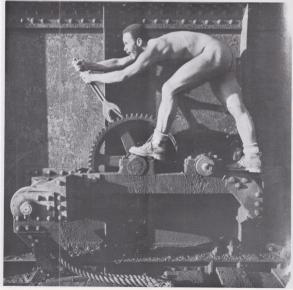


ARTHUR TRESS

BY JACK FRITSCHER

CODE 2: BLACK BOY

Delicious Black Boy. Chocolate-flavored Treat. Damn yummy. Satisfy tummy. Dark Midnight Special spreadin' everlovin' light from the Great Grinding Triangle buttressed, butt-Tressed, and footbod. Kinky. Hardhanded Tool Jockey. Frayed rope. Grease small, Foodin around, vealb, but meanin' Mean Machine. Toothcops slipped by a moon from the darkside of the Man. Licks



CODE 3: SEBASTIANE

Burnt-out, bound-up, slime-caked man, twisted, lent, pit-filin running wet, entraped, ansed, slings, grrows, outrageous fortune south respective to the property of the participation of the property of the p



DRUMMER 24

CODE 4: CONFESSION DE KAFKA CACA

Top Man, tough, needs topping: severe. A muscular, hairy hustler. Expansive disk, Expensive fists, lig feet, Will pay masculor men, 30 to 46, feed man to get my attention and hold my interest. Now, Former Paratropore, Amy Basic Training, Need Sophisticated Training, New, Offbest bestoff place. No calculated playroom decorated with toys. Real scene. Real man. Real price. Bell of New Paratrophy of the Parat



Mr. Benson kicked me awake the next morning. Not really hard or vicious, but enough so I knew it was a kick and not a nudge. My eyes opened to his wonderful balls hanging down over my face. Those beautiful nuts pressed toward my mouth like a double bucket ready to dron down a well.

Mr. Benson was not – repeat not – in a romantic mood,
"Get up, asshole, I'm going to shower. You make breakfast;
eggs, up; bacon, crisp; coffee, black. I eat in the dining room."

Off he strode as I stretched against the downfilled bondage

cover the tender spots on my ass where his belt had left the best of black and blue marks, Still, I felt good this morning! What I really wanted was to curl up in the sleeping bag and play with my piss hard, but Mr. Benson's steaming shower reminded me that the kick in my side and the growled orders meant that last night's roles weren't forgotten, Yet. (Yet? Five versi later they're as ried as that day!)

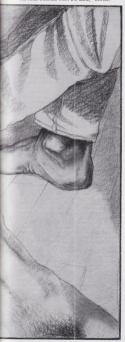
I jumped up and jaynaked headed into his enormous living room. I crossed islands of carpet towards the dining area. The kitchen was behind the door at the head of the bulky dark-

feel of my confining sleeping bag. My vawn helped me diskitchen was behind the door at the head of the bulky dark-PART TWO OF By Jack Prescott

wood table. I pushed against the spring hinge into the midst of gleaming white and stainless steel

A five minute hide-and-seek for utensils started the bacon frying, the toast, and coffee.

Now, five years later. I know it was a damn good thing I got that breakfast together fast. Mr. Benson's never been one to enjoy waiting, and his definition of a good mood in the morning means he's not actively glowering. I was too far from the bathroom to have heard the water turn off, I jumped when his voice boomed from the table, "Coffee!"



No explanation needed or offered, I found a mug and poured out the first cup that had dripped down into the pot. I pushed back through the door and found my new man wranped in a heavy flannel bathrobe, already a few pages into the Sunday Times

put the coffee down beside him. His thick hair was wet and matted from the shower. His moustache looked more full than I had remembered against his smooth shaven skin. His clean fresh mansmell was one of the best highs I ever sniffed, Hardon!

Last night flashed before me: a real man who took what he wanted the way he wanted it, but who also showed pride and affection. My obvious hardon drove me back into the kitchen, Five minutes later, I carried his breakfast through the door. He barely nodded, I placed it in front of him and left him silverware and refilled his cup, He only gave me less than grudging notice as he plowed through the sports page, I was foolish enough in those days to expect more. Now I appreciate what I do get when I get it

When I came back to the table a third time, now carrying my own breakfast plate, I pulled out the chair to his right and began to sit when Mr. Benson said: "What th' hell are you doing?"

'Sir?" I almost shit.

"Don't dare plant your slave's ass in my home! On the floor, asswipe, remember your place! You eat on the floor!' He pointed to the corner to his right. I took the plate and crawled over to the floor, Mr. Benson plays no games, no roles, Mr. Benson is totally Mr. Benson, I was not to use the

furniture. His arm and pointing finger didn't relax until I had taken my assigned place. No games. I was getting clear on that! My humiliation almost erased my appetite, I crouched with my plate on my lap and buried myself in a whole new series of emotions. Just a few minutes ago I had been happy to be

cooking for my new man, proud of the body he had appreci-ated so much the night before, cocky of the muscles that had taken so much of his abuse, and anticipating an afternoon lounging around the house, hopefully having sex again.

The odor of body sweat almost tied in a sleeping bag all night, the pain of the welts covered with his cum and the stubble of a day's growth of beard joined with the shame of eating naked on the floor. Shit. Why didn't I leave right then, I was

I know why I didn't leave, I have to confess, I know. I stayed because when the feelings were so intense, Mr. Benson parted his robe. He reached down and laxily scratched his crotch. His hand pulled away. His balls nestled back down on the chair. His cock drooped over them, hanging over the edge of the seat.

That was the main attraction: that masculine package of crotch with dark maned hair, protected by heavy hairy thighs. Taste, Touch, Smell, Five year's worth, Whenever I wonder why I've put up with this hardassed bastard, I rerun memories of Mr. Benson's cock and balls.

I wolfed down my breakfast, What the hell! He wants me on the floor, I'll stay on the floor, I bussed my plate to the

kitchen and cleared his place so he could spread out his papers. His coffee cup was empty. I decided if I was into this, I might as well do it to it; so I filled his cup for him. He hardly grunted. Standing over the sink, I realized for the first time just how

enormous the apartment was, My whole flat would have fit into the large living room. And I thought, really for the first time, how wealthy he must be. Who was he?

After I had dried the last plate, I was at a loss. Shower? Dress? I tried to anticipate: what does a slave do without orders? That's what I was now, a slave. He had brought me to the pitch of saying the word myself last night; he had accepted me. So what now? What was this going to mean, being a man's slave, in a country that had taken away a man's right to be a slave, Fuck Abe Lincoln!

Finally I came to an inevitable conclusion: I obviously wasn't going to sit up at the table and read the paper: I hardly presumed to use his bathroom to take a shower; I wasn't supposed to dress. So, I went back into the dining room, haunched down in my corner, and damned my luck when I saw his robe had been pulled shut. I pulled my sleeping bag aware of his master's feet.

Mr. Benson must have found that accentable: when I opened my eyes, he was finishing the last section, Mr. Benson hour. When he had finished the last page, he pushed back his chair, threw his arms up and stretched. Only his spine touched the back of the chair and the tips of his toes pointed on the torso woke me to an instant hardon.

When manimal yawn was full stretched, he collapsed back into the seat, Scratching his balls, he smiled: "Come here,

I jumped up beside him. He pulled my neck down "Suck my pex.

I was amazed at his sudden acknowledgement that I existed. I've come to expect his sudden sexual energy. I bent over and took his heavy pec in my mouth and sucked pumped his own cock while he purred into my ear. "Nice. boy . . . that's right . . . suck on daddy's tit . . . use your tongue, boy . .

Did he mind when I reached up and took his muscle in my hand, pushed his heavy flesh up into my face and rubbed his thick hair against my skin? His pointed dark red nipple hardened against my rubbing tongue. I was almost, but not quite, forgetting his stiff rod being fisted only two feet from

Suck, man! Make Mr. Benson feel real good. Work for him, man, Make him cum, yeah. Make him shoot off his load

His hand held harder against my neck. His abs tensed and began to heave, tight definition on his muscular helly. "Work it, asshole . . ." His voice commanded: "Suck me!" His fist was flying. A wad of cum shot out and slammed against my head. and another, and a third landed on his belly and sponged my

I stood, still bent over him, softly nibbling his pec. When his breathing became more regular again, he pushed my face down across his heavy belly: "Worship it, Lick it off,"

My tongue cruised down the trail of body hair, sucking up the meat and cum, licking up the clear salty run off that had spurted foamy white only seconds ago, I knelt in complete tight hair, cleaning it small strands at a time. I'd suck on clumps and tongue them up straight from his body where they'd stand with my wetness. Once again, I longed for his

cock, I knew not to take it without permission.

Finally, he stood. "Good boy." He patted my head. "Go shower. I left a towel out for you, and a razor. Be quick. I

I jumped up. My hardon bobbed up and down. No use to cover it. Only 24 hours ago I would have been embarrassed by a hardon, squeamish about how my body was used or exposed, but Mr. Benson already made me forget that fagshit! It used this way by a man obviously superior to me. I bought the whole nine yards: Mr. Benson was my superior!

I thought about that under the warm shower. Everything in my background denied the idea that any one man was better than any other. But, I wondered about myself now; my bland middle class background obviously sucked when placed in the even through leather and jeans. There was something obviously worshipful about Mr. Benson – more than the money. And, I realized for tthe first time, there was something obviously lacking in me

The truth was in another time and another place, I would have in fact, in bondage, in torture, been this man's slave

That thought came while I shaved. I fantasized about Mr Benson the sheik and me the Arab boy whose life depended on my master's whim. My cock shot straight up against the cold porcelain sink.

I wiped the last shaving cream from my face. I had a vision of Mr. Benson the Norseman and me the English peasant he'd just kidnapped to take back to Vikingland for God only knew

what nightmarish existence.

I was beating off by the time Mr. Benson had become a Turkish potentate and I was a captured veoman from the cursaders' armies, standing in front of him while he decided whether or not to deball me into a eunuch. I shot straight in the air when he decided no, that he had harder ways to use

There I was, living in the east quarter of the twentieth century, debating the issue of slavery, naively touching issues and ideas that had toppled empires and torn apart countries. And I was arguing the losing side. The world sure was fucked. Still

But, I know now, there was something very serious about what was going on through my mind. I was seriously wondering about who I was in relationship to this man. There was The differences were all in his favor. The only things I had going for me were a body he found attractive and a willing-ness to do something to make him happy. If I needed fantasies to justify the degradation and humiliation he would demand. then let it be. I was deciding that Mr. Benson was the man I wanted to love, If class and money and age were going to love this man. Everything that had been programmed into me was, compared to Mr. Benson, just so much shit

The real decision was made when I walked clean and refreshed into the main room and saw him. He couldn't have heard my bare feet and he didn't look up as I stood mesmerized in the doorway looking at a vision of manhood I thought

The marble fireplace burned real logs. Fire and heat and Mr. Benson dominated the room, Mr. Benson sat to the left in a brown leather chair with one leg casually thrown over an arm. He was reading a small, old looking bound book; the Brandenburg Concerti played on the stereo. He looked perfectly dressed in the thermal shirt and old faded jeans he had changed into, but he was perfect. The room, the setting, the fire joining one reading lamp against a grey New York winter afternoon sky, the clothes, and the posture that was no pose all had in common: perfect masculinity. Here was a man

I was torn between wanting to take all this in and wanting to demonstrate my emotions. The need to act took over ingness to sacrifice before him. I reached my head over and lightly kissed his bare foot once, then again and again till I finally took the biggest toe into my mouth and lovingly sucked on it. Just like that; spread out, feeling the whole front side of my body on top of the rough wool, my head resting on its side on the floor sucking on the only part of my man's body that even began to fit my unworthy mouth.

I stared at his feet. They were large. The skin on the bot-tom was rough, Calloused. The top was perfect, Proportioned. muscle vascularity of his cock. I traced the delicate lines of smaller blood vessels. I watched the throbbing of the artery just above his heel. I could count the hairs that grew thick

over the top of his foot. Mr. Benson's foot! My master's foot!

tips of all five toes back and forth across the slit of my open mouth, running the toe nails against my teeth

Then, slowly, he changed the pattern and brought the soles of his feet up and grated the worn skin against my lins. Each open until my jaws were pried apart, my neck against the floor. He forced me to turn over on my back by subtly manipulating my head. My arms were spread over my head, my legs were angled open beneath my hard cock pulsating on my

Mr. Benson's next words shocked me. He's kept me on my guard all these years, made me fear for changes in mood; he's thrown me with the unexpected. But I never suspected that this would come from him then: "You better go home now." My eyes must have shown my bewilderment, but he added

nothing more. "Have I done something wrong, sir?"

"No, you haven't done anything wrong. I'm just not sure about you. And I'm not convinced you know about yourself. You see, boy, I'm not into playing a lot of games with some little disco doll who thinks he might be into S&M. If I'm going to bother investing a lot of time in one person. I want to know he's going to be worth my time; it's not enough that the one



Benson off, He looked thoughtfully for a brief while and then finally responded, "I want you to go, Go home, Think, When you are very sure, call me. But know when you do call me - if you call me - that I'm going to put you through a test that will be your own version of hell. Know that if you call me, I'll expect unquestioning service from you. I'll expect you to be a slave. Not a trick, Not a lover, Not a person, Just a piece of ass wipe. My personal servant, No games, No breaks. No headaches. My pleasure. My timing. My rules.'

I lay stock still, my cock so rigid from his words I thought I'd shoot right then and there. But Mr. Benson turned back to his book, I was no disco doll, I obeyed, I dressed, When I came back to him, he handed me a piece of paper. I took it and, determined to keep myself together, silently followed him to the elevator door and waited for the cage to arrive.

The operator was not the same man as the night before and he was mercifully silent on the way down. I needed quiet to sort out my thoughts about the glorious man I had just left. Was the one night all he had to offer? No, the control he had exerted this morning had shown more. Was he just being kind and letting me down easy by sending me home? No, he wouldn't have left the option of returning if I had failed the 'audition," I had to treat him with trust, I knew that even five years ago, that to deal with Mr. Benson was to deal with

Call when sure, he had said. OK, I should have stopped at the first pay phone. The secrets Ma Bell knows! But I knew he wanted me to think and decide. All right, I'd do that. Especially about the threat of a test, The ad-lib belt marks on my ass showed me that a planned test by Mr. Benson would be nothing to take lightly. Was I really ready for that: was he worth anything? And was he really so special that it was

worth never looking again for another man Just in time to answer my question, I walked right into the oncoming figure of Larry. I was so deep in thought I never had a chance to lessen my pace even a slight bit. Larry, the omni-present flannel-shirt-levi stud in every bar in New York, Hulking, tall Larry, now as always, in full uniform: construction boots, letter jacket, flannel shirt, and button-fly jeans with two buttons open to show a gleaming white jockstrap. The light brown moustache completed the image of every male impersonator on Christopher Street. But hot, at least hot enough for a slave. Larry. Whom I'd wanted everytime I'd

sexually "Look where the fuck you're going!"

"Sorry, Larry "Hey guy, almost didn't recognize you." He smiled and slapped my shoulder. Small talk. I tried to focus on him insuppressing the state of cruising him in the bars, Larry was now interested in me. A Godsend! A fucking Godsend! Here was my test. Here was, at least, irony! Would I turn on to Larry as I had to

seen him; who had always smiled, but never responded to me

Mr. Benson? I perked up, flashed my teeth back at his, slouching to show ass, nonchalantly opening my jacket to show bare skin under the brown leather. He liked that, A lot, The let's-fuck

invitation to his apartment followed fast,

A good test. Good because Larry pretty soon had my at-tention. Good because I found myself impressed by this bargod. Maybe Mr. Benson was right, if I could change over so quickly, maybe I wasn't really ready. I think about the en-counter of five years ago often. What if it had been different? I was only 25 then, What if I hadn't ended up with Mr. Ben-

But those are idle thoughts, I did end up with Mr. Benson, And I know now that Larry was a big part of the decision. He had my attention. But he couldn't hold my interest!

Mr. Benson lived at One Fifth Avenue; Larry lived in Chelsea. Back then, with my former gay values, they somehow balanced one another. Mr. Benson's independent lifestyle versus Larry's life as king of the gay ghetto. I couldn't long keep them on a par. As soon as I walked into Larry's cramped apartment. I knew he'd have been better off with the Architectural Digest faggotry. His furniture was supposed to look imported - from France, not Korea, The carpet was Korvettes; the prints were cliched repros of Gauguin, Utrillo, and Rembrandt. Poor Gaugain. Poor Utrillo! Poor Rembrandt! Poor Larry! Poor me! A man usually fucks in the same style as

Larry lit the obligatory joint, I sat on his couch, Larry chattered more than he conversed, He compounded his sin of interior decor: he liked all his shit. This, I was beginning to see was why I wasn't gay anymore! Gay was disco, Gay was interior decor! I was leaving gayness. I was into, purety, at least beginning to understand man-to-man relations.

I longed for Larry to start, I guess Mr. Benson had already taught me to let the topman begin. But when he started to light the second joint, I sensed his basic insecurity. My hand reached his crotch and popped the buttons to expose the

whole of his oft-glimpsed jockstrap I cupped the mound and got hard thinking about burying my face in it, almost breathing my lifebreath through the sweaty web of his Bike.

"In the hedroom " he said I followed him through the door. Never judge a bed by its cover, out this was a Bloomie's window! I tossed myself on the bed trying to keep hard with thoughts of that wonderful jock in my mouth when Larry began to strip. Undress? Himself?
"You too,"

I shrugged. I had only my jacket, jeans, socks, and embar-rassing Adidas left after last night. I stripped quickly. Larry stood clad only in his jockstrap. He blew up his chest in pride and obviously waited for an appreciative remark. I wanted some nasty head cheese. Instead: quel frommage!

All the flannel and denim had costumed a pale hairless body. Firm but no muscle, No command bulk. He was like Superman in reverse, He was Clark Kent and I was just getting used to NOT being Lois Lane

He came over and laid on top of me. His flesh was cool to my touch. He kissed me. His mouth felt strange on lips still tasting of the worship of Mr. Benson's tough calloused feet.

I tried, God knows I tried to get into the gay spirit of the whole gay ritual, We both wanted to be the bad little boys we never were. I ground my groin up to meet that jockstrap that now was his only redeeming virtue. But he missed badly. No offense to Larry. He wasn't Mr. Benson.

"What can I do for you, sir?" I had ierked my mouth away from his to finally spit those words out, Maybe if I could get him into digging his own jockstrap I could pull this off, I hardened to the thought of the full pouch and of him pissing through it, the warm shower spraying out through the fabric

and running down my eager face. 'Not 'sir.'" Larry pulled himself up

'None of that role-playing shit, We're both men."

God! Today there's too many ways to be gay. You need a fucking computer just to figure out the hanky code,

I soon realized what he meant as his lips came down to rejoin mine in one of his blubbering kisses. My cock drooped: the uniform, the lockstrap, him grinding away on top of me but I bet . . . I bet . . . I reached down to his macho ass and

tentatively poked a finger into the hidden hole The loud "Aaaaa," was proof enough. No wonder The Village People played on his reel-to-reel!

I didn't need the sudden gymnastics as Larry rolled our joined bodies over to force me on top. Nor did I need his legs jerking up in the air to come down and clasp my waist between his thighs. Then his mouth started,

Just buddies, man, Real buddies, Be a buddy, man, Stick it in. Fuck your buddy, man . . ."
I pulled away as violently as if I were drowning in his

insecurity, My cock bobbed out from his thighs' clutches. Sorry, man. I've got to go to the john,"

The oldest line in gaydom allowed me to escape panting into the toilet in the hallway. Inside, I closed the door and sat on the bowl and tried to collect my thoughts about this idol turned bottom and about my reactions,

A world of flannel clones living in Chelsea walk-ups. Was that the alternative to Mr. Benson? I think the deciding factor was my glancing over to the sink and seeing a bar of soap sitting there proudly wearing a Bloomingdale's "B." No Larry was no substitute for Mr. Benson, I tested him, and the former me, a little more by opening the medicine chest, Cans of hairspray and Brut deodorant and Macho cologne, Pre-

By now my cock had shriveled. I quickly went into the bedroom and put on my clothes. Larry watched me while he smoked a Marlboro,

"So you are into all that top/bottom shit," I suddenly realized that this was really the first time he could have seen the marks on the back of my body. He had probably figured it out without their witness though, given how I'd been reacting.
"Yeah, I guess so." I lied as I tied my sneakers, I had to go

buy my boots at Stompers. "Poor little fairy, doomed to look for a knight on a black charger for the rest of your life. Don't you know there are no

real men in gay life?"
"No, I don't know that, Larry." I looked him right in the

"There are only make believes. You take the hot, real "I'm not willing to do that, Larry, I believe there are some men able enough to be men, I'm only 25, I'm going to keep on

trying to give and trying to find someone man enough to "Pretty young fool, Go ahead, You are young Go ahead

and try. None of us are going to blame you for trying. But we will all tell you we told you so when you come back, Remem-ber The Naked Civil Servant. Crisp said, 'There is no tall dark man. I didn't respond. I left. Quickly, Down the stairs and onto

8th Avenue, I wasn't fleeing, I was leaving behind a sad figure who tried to hide his own failings in criticism of me. I was also leaving behind what I had, before Mr. Benson, been headed It was cold on the Avenue, I missed my teeshirt as the wind

off the river blew in my jacket, I walked thoughtfully home to my own Chelsea apartment only a few blocks from Larry's, Loud disco music blared some welcome through the doorway. I nearly collapsed in a sigh. "Oh, shit.

My roommate was listening to The Village People. They vere everywhere! Larry gave me a chenille bedspread to match Mr. Benson's leather sheet, and my own roommate, cloned out of the likes of Larry, met the challenge of the Brandenburg Concerti with The Village People! The Gay lifestyle is a conspiracy.

I opened the door and walked through a cloud of marijuana. Jimmy and a trick sat ripped to the tits in the sparse living room. Our resources had mercifully kept us from any pretensions of style. At least, borderline poverty was honestly comfortable

Funny, I liked Jimmy a lot in those days. I wanted to tell him everything about the evening. The hot man, the hot sex, the fantasy, the reality. At first, he and his friend stared at me through glazed eyes. They perked up at mention of the penthouse. Their wide-eyed interest in money turned sour when I described the sweet, sweet piss-drinking climax to my evening

with Mr. Benson "I wish we gay people would stop degrading ourselves so,"

"It wasn't degrading, Jimmy. I mean, it was him I was drinking. It was a communion. It was his sacred water, man.

His gift."
"You're sick," the tricksie chimed in. "How could you?"
"You're sick," the tricksie chimed in. to a little more "How'd it taste?" Jimmy owned up to a little more in-

"I really don't want to hear about it," tricksie said. "Some things are best left to wharves and backrooms."
"Though it was penthouse piss," Jimmy said.

"The rich are always the most perverted. Look at Patty

Hearst, Fucked by a nigger. Married to a cop. They can't deal with their power." "Mr. Benson can!" I said.

"What his name?" Jimmy asked, "Mr. Benson,"

"His first name?

I took out the paper with the telephone number. "Aristotle Benson," I read.

They laughed. I was struck by how apt it was: Aristotle, teacher of young men.

"Well if you want to be Ari's Jackie, sweetheart . . . I gave up and went into my own room, barely keeping the departure civil. I laid on my unmade bed and thought. I looked around at the disheveled room. The centerfolds from Drummer were the only wall decorations, My Christopher Street drag, really no better than Larry's, was the only clothing visible. I thought about the one suit hanging in the closet for work tomorrow. At a forcrissakes insurance company

A picture of my family was on the bureau, Middleclass,

Middlewest, Middle-aged. Their life so different from mine that mileage was not the only distance.

Now suddenly, my gay "brothers" like Larry and limmy

were leading lives as alienated as my family's Mr. Benson: The only person to kindle intensity in me in

years was Mr. Benson. I felt trapped. Sunday. Shades of The Madness of Taby Bright! What can you do at this time on a Sunday?

Ramrod! New York's favorite weekend leather har would be hot even this early I jumped into full costume, A little heavier this time.

Constructionboots, A black tee shirt, Less is more. I grabbed a cab at the corner.

The Ramrod was as full of men as I had hoped. A veritable sea of black leather. Certainly here, I could find some men to match my Mr. Benson. I got a beer at the bar and looked around. Motorcycle cops and bodybuilders and fantasy men lounged through the room. Pick and choose!

Fuck Mr. Benson, I'd show him. He was right, I was still looking for Mr. Goodfuck

My first mark was a man wearing more leather than the animal that had died for his skins. A heavy black moustache and a ring through his left ear projected such harshness and brute force that I no longer cared about Mr. Benson's natural command preserve. Here was something to kneel to. Man, I thought back then that I could have tasted his cock right there, standing there in the bar. I sucked down the beer, glared at his blunt face, saw a glance come my way from underneath the leather cap

went over beside him. Sweat. Welcome tension. My armpits ran as I thought about the loft I was sure he lived in. Chains suspended from exposed beams, I saw spotlights focused on my own flesh, naked and open to this he-man's "Mary! What are you doing here! And in full drag!"

I was stunned when another full-dressed leather number came up to my prey and started to talk, Talk shop, And shop was the stock market. And then they talked about their chil-dren. Children? That had me thrown for a loop until I suddenly realized that their children were pedigreed dogs. I shoved through the crowd, desperate to leave before I found out that their children were poodles.

I went into the dark back, Not a real "Backroom," but a place where a group of hunky looking men could stand around and stare at one another and cruise the line shuffling slowly towards the urinals. I got my attitude together and hit the center of the room, I spread my legs and watched the piss line. Started to check their crotches, I hardened thinking about their golden shower flowing out into the bowls. Thinking about licking. Drinking. Fuck, Mr. Benson and his overwhelming self-assurance. No, I looked at the one in a black

undershirt slouched against the wall as he waited his turn. The Ramrod was no place to drink piss. But the basket on that number! I glared at his middle. I was so intent on midsection that I was shocked when I did look up and saw him staring back at me. Hot, man. Here's one I could get it on with real good. I opened my mouth to show interest when suddenly it dawned on me. I had to stop for a minute and think, It couldn't be, but it was. There on his right side hung a set of

heavy keys, and in the back right pocket a bright yellow By now I was dejected. Weren't there any tops left in New

I could try one more beer. See what else came in. I could,

and I could end up doing that for every night this year. I was not going to meet another Mr. Benson on Sunday afternoon at the Ramrod. I never have figured out why he had been in the other bar in the first place. Why I had happened to run into him that one night. But it dawned on me that it would be many nights before I ever met him in a bar again. If I ever even met the likes of him in a bar again.

I sadly put down my bottle and wove my way through the crowd. Decisions had been made. It was time I put it on the line. My own inclinations that afternoon had been right. I would call Mr. Benson and tell him that now I knew that the only way for me to live, by night and by day, was as his one and only slave: tits, tongue, testicles, and toilet.

Whatever, I was ready

Men need to worship other men, Mr. Benson was to be my master.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH. DRUMMED 31







CANCER M. Get a broom, tie a bandana (your choice of colors, of course)) around your head and become a domestic dungeon-scrubbing homebody. Les s.(July 23-Aug. 22) You'll probably meet a hot new someone in a butch bar under the strangest of circumstances. ... like looking to the strangest of circumstances. ... like looking 120 M-11 you meet a face, nating someoney from the control of the strangest of the stran

quiet homelife of pain and torture.

personalities

LIBRA M: Give your Master a Father's Day present he'll never forget ...
unruliness!
SCORPIO s: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Take a sea cruise for the summer ... Be
really mean and leave your M locked up at home.

ASTROCOCKLIC

GEMINI S: (May 21-June 20) Being a split personality can be quite trying

GEMINI M: The only thing you need split is your humble asshole.

CANCER s: (June 21-July 22) Even a cruel, macho sadist can be influenced by Cancerian domesticity. This is a good time to consider finding an available masochist and settling down to a productive.

for the Sadistic Twin. You're better at splitting other people's

SCORPIO M: While your Master is away having a good time without you, show your displeasure with him . . . piss in all his best boots!

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) With summer approaching, send your

favorite slave over to the local leather shop to pick up a new skintight leather bikini which displays your prime ass-et!

SAGITTARIUS M: Everytime your Master removes his leather trunks, just

take a heady whiff of that inside smell. Once a month they should be carefully washed with your tongue. CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Have you gotten into the new wrestling

fad yet? Remember, you get to keep anything you break.

CAPRICORN M: Learn to wrestle while chained down. Well, of course, that makes it harder for you to win, but no one said it was going to

AQUARIUS s: (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) Enterprising Aquarians make good businessmen (they'll try to make anything!). Consider opening a used clothing store with a gimmick: Don't wash the clothes first!

AQUARIUS M: Although you were born to serve, you don't make a good employee in used clothing stores as you have a tendency to eat the lockstraps.

PISCES s. (Feb. 19 Mar. 20) Take a vacation trip by car. To solve the gas crisis, strap your slave across the gas tank and stuff him with beans so he can fart you across country.

PISCES M: Get a T-shirt that proclaims BEANER POWER! (Of course, there are areas of the country where that can get you beaten up!)
ARIES s: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) If you're planning to go to the beach a lot, have your chest hair teased and curled. It makes your chest look

ARIES M: Have your Master shave your chest into a huge, proud, hairy M. Shit! If you got it, advertise it.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-May 20) Instead of some sweet-scented suntan oil, teach your slave to brown using hot wax.

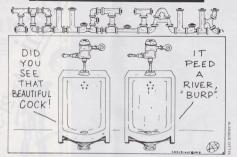
TAURUS M: Get sodomized while sunbathing nude so you can really throw your Master a hot piece of ass.

-by Aristide

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ALABAMA

HANDSOME FUNLOVING LEVI/ LEATHER Hardy Rider, Taurus, 39, 5107, 160, white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfab buddy to 50. Digs motorcycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breaches, horses, Mustachel beard a breaches, horses, Mustachel beard a brins. No feets (are manner, 1761)

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES — Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., 8%" uncut if you are white maculine and

not overweight. My interests are shaving your crotch smooth, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand. FF and letting you know who the book Am experienced, respectively of limits, imaginative. You could include your phone number and simes you are available. Box 3088

ARIZONA

PHOENIX, S. 30, wants punk slave to serve my hot, demanding cock. Must be uninhibited. Box 214.

break me in and ride

PRINTED THE LIVE-IN SLAVE—SON—LOVER Phoenix S, 6'2", blonde, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43-year-old Master, Father, Lover with 6'8" and huge bull balls, seeks M, 18–32, physically and psychologically capable of daily training and sex in all

able of daily training and sex in all disciplines with complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No fats, fems, family ties, hustlers or heavy drugs. Revealing photo with descriptive background. Be honest and save us both time. Must be willing to more to Phoenix. No photo, no reply. Hurry and become on verseers, Rep. 131.

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PERMANENT SLAVERY
Tough, no-nonsense Master, 5'4",
210 ibs, 40, seeks mature slave
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If raunchy sex, smelly pits, WS, lasther, boots, jockstraps, dirty talk are your scene and you would enjoy sleeping close to a bearded w/m, 32, 5*11". 155 lbs., get in touch immediately, in San Francisco. Box 199.

All California w/m, Aries, 22, 67, 195 lbs, blonde, blue eyes, hung, wants frat pledges for far-out kinky, painful initiations. You should be masculine and muscular. Are you man enough? Detailed application with nude or jock photo and phone. Box 218.

with hude or jock photo and phone. Box 218.

S.F. AQUARIAN wants to meet men interested in raunch, WS, JO, correspondence and being hot face sitters. Call (415) 661-4646 or

write: Box 221

Super hairy muscular animal into funk and games, oil, w/s and other disgusting trips wants to swap jockstraps with other raunchy jockmen, Pete, P.O. Box 11007, S.F. 94101. Anything goes!

SM, Pisces, 49, 6"2", 230 lbs, voyeur and exhibitionist digs recycled beer, FE, toys, nipple action, face-sitters. Prefer cleen, husky, cut, mature studs. Race no hangup. No fems, skinnys, unwashed hairy bodies, Photo, phone, frank letter gets prompt reply. Box 196.

SAN FRANCISCO or North Bay, Aggressive, masculine Bl, discreet, needs younger guy to train me as pet/slave, 42, 5'11", 170 lbs., thick, Box 197.

M. Gemini, 28, 6', 160 lbs., white, 8', needs Leather, cod-piece pants, boots on man in leather who needs man for spanking, bondage, and to worship him. Have lust, passion for right leather man. If you own bike, I need you. Box 195.

SAN FRANCISCO MEN

Hunky w/m. 27, 150 lbs. 5'8". black hair, brown eyes. Gemini jock, gets into almost any scene with hot, bearded, husky men. No scat or blood. Turned on by Military, jocks, leather, tattoos, dirty talk, body-builders. Send photo & letter to: J.C., 660 O'Farrell, No. 4, San Francisco, CA 94109.

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Aryan, 49, uncut, 6"2", 170 lbs. For
Aryan, 180 lbs. For
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CRUEL MASTER DESIRED
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You set limits! Only mature, fully
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L.A., ORANGE COUNTY, LONG-BEACH. Hot, hairy animal, 30, turns on to sadistic meat, provides full service to demanding studs into heavy scenes, who know how to use a wild, hot animal. Box 591, Long Basch, CA 90801. ORANGE COUNTY w/m, 37, masculine, goodlooking dog seeks collar, chains, and masculine, sensitive Master with good body, hung. Possible relationship. Details, photo, letter. Box 32. South Laguna, CA 92677.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'5"
130 lbs., muscular, handsome, wants
B&D and uninhibited leather action
with a muscular Master who wants
total service, Box 146.

S.F. BAY AREA, w/m, early 40s, 54", 130 lbs., straight appearance, interests include horseback riding, bleycling and hiking imotorcycles a possibility, turned on by horse and motorcycle types, would like to put some of his raunchy fantseise into reality action with compatable buddy or buddles. Box 175.

ORAL SLAVE
Fremont, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs.,
7", uncut, gives total oral service, appreciates w/s, dirty talk, name calling, humilation, verbal abuse, calling, the service of the calling translation of the calling translation of Asian into Inaving a tall slave, should be 18-45, leather/levi. Must be masculine, Box 491F.

LOS ANGELES M. Virgo, 49, 5'10%", 145 lbs., white, 6", know-ledgeable, imaginative and obedient, Box 182.

LOS ANGELES, MS. Leo, 42, 61": 165 lbs., white, 6", novice, willing and eager to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutiliation, physical handicapped. Box 208.

VENTURA, SM. 45, 6'3", 225, German. 7". Seeks well built, over 35, over 6 feet, levi or leather dominant or passive. Am versatile and willing to learn, Box 170.

WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 5'9%", white, 165 lbs., 8", enjoys C&B action, catheters, enemes, serious sex by controlling Master, 3-ways ok, Box 132M.

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs, solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7" cut. Looking for masculine, slender or muscular man, under 55. White. Not interested in fucking anything that 1 wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

AVALON. SM. Leo/Virgo cusp. 39 5*11". 145 Letin, 7" uncut. An evi and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits for mind-blowing orgams, which I wisk to share in either role (prefer domin ate). Must have boat, Seek MC rider for summer runs. No body odor bad teeth or soft belies. Roy 318V.

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Dude w/camera wants to document these scenes. Solo, groups, activities, etc. Chas. (415) 474-3135.

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GENERAL RANCH HAND Needed to work 500 Ac ranch/ farm. Must be hairy, active, looking for father figure. I'm 50, 5"10", 190 lbs, All scenes possible. Photo and phone. Box 24.

31, 5"," 130 lbs, win looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play, Am mostly Masser of the control of the

130 ths. white, "B" cut blick hairs blue eye, mustache, goodlong non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeabtle. I am a full-time blick*rilearthine blick*rilearthine who needs a goodlooking, experionder of the control of the con

OAKLAND, M, novice, 54, 57°, 125 lbs., semi-muscular build, hairy 6" uncut, looking for hairy men un der 50, white, with good build, into training a willing novice. Mutua respect important. Looking for varied experiences. Box 16.

BODYBUILDER
Well-muscled stud, 5'10", 200 lbs.,
wants other very muscular dudes or
super-tall types for wild times. Photo
appreciated. Box 108.

FRESNO CA, W/M 38, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs. TAIL member 1891, Like mellow scenes, top or bottom, FFA, erotic enems, exploring fantasies. No great hangups about age, race, etc. but am not "into" teenle-boppers, excessive dopers or grotesque freaks. Box CAY103.

LOS ANGELES. S. Aquarius. 22, 511". 150. White, 6%". Knowledgeable, Tough, hot looking Levil leather boss gets total service from submissive, wild-assed, hungry bootlickers, If they work for it, they'll get his Lewis and all the sweatly meet, grease and piss in 'em, Put yourself in real good hands Box 294V8.

LOS ANGELES, S. Libra, 40, 510 155, white, 6", knowledgeable, a tractive, imaginative Stud is good to man for obedient uninhibited par ner. No heavy drugs, drunks, fem fats. Loves sex! Box 133.

SAN DIEGO/LOS ANBELES, M. 46, 5'9%", 180 lbs., 7" cut, pierced. Leather, Levi, Prisoner-type slave. Into S&M, B/D, tit/cock/ball torture, suspension, enemas, ball stretching, shaving, seeks stern Master over 35 for evening/weekend training. Box 129.

S.F. BONDAGE ANIMAL Smooth, slender body to shave, piss on, torture, abuse, public humilietion. Hoods, masks, prolonged bondage, suspension. Box 13.

SAN FRANCISCO S
29, 5'8", Leo, 155 lbs, built and sadistic, into giving excruciating gent tall pain to other bodybuilders. No marks, damage, just real pain. (415) 864-5566.

San Francisco, S. 34, 59", 140, Criental, 7". Hot looking in full teather, the same state of the same

MONTEREY AREA
MS, well built, 40s, w/m desires to
meet clean, dominant, hairy, discreet
w/m who is macho for getting it on.
No young fems or druggiest 80x 98.

SAN FRANCISCO. Nipple action, w/m, 150 lbs., 32, seeks hot men with big tits for long tit work sessions, all scenes. Box 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, 29, 5'8", 160

Ibs. dominant and experienced bodybuilder, 42" chest, 23" waist, solid, handsome, and together: into restraints, unusual equipment, w/s, genital S&M. Genuine bodybuilders and goodlooking men into sexual/ sensual pain on the chest and nuts. call (415) 884-5566, 10 am to 10 pm West Coast time only.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 26, 5'9''.
150 lbs, white, goodlooking, masculine, boyth novice needs hairy muscular Master, strong and decent enough to make me respect and obey him. I have a tight ass, follow orders, like outdoor sports. Might take on more than one, Box 22.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY / LA, White slave, 25, 6', 165 hs, good-looking Scandinavian, 7' cut, needs master who is willing to train me properly. Already into light S&M bondage, leather, jock straps, westing, wir, outdoor scener, uniforms, heep pain or osat, Prefer master with hard body and beard or mustache; but not necessarily, 80x 127.

SCAT PHOTOS WANTED Goodlooking S, 43, will buy explicit scat pies of bare-assed humpy men. Shorts or pants, fine too, 4lso just plain of open assholes. Possible letter exchange with your photo. Into all low-down raunch scenes

WANTED: A MASTER who owns a motorcycle, is into camping outdoors, B/D, S&M, Should be over 6 feet tall, white, and 21–50 years old. Will obey orders over Page 11.

To apply in THE TOILET, a private phone club, send an SASE with \$1 to: John, 433 Douglass St., S.F., CA 94114.

San Francisco M, 5°10", 173 lbs, 38, uncut, hairy, into infantilism, spanking, whips, humiliation, verball and the spanking, whips, humiliation, werball and spanking, kingly scenes, Wishes to fulfill fantasies with maculine, dominant, arrogant and experience, dominant, arrogant and experience, and spanking spanking to the spanking spa

SAN FRANCISCO Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs., white, bearded bottom for rim/scat, Beard or mustache a must. No age or rece restrictions. Horst (415) 821-7762, 10 pm to midnight. Answering machine other times. Or write: Box 1015F. 6'1", 170 lbs., 26 and 6'2", 165 lbs., 46; accepting applications for slave, build proportionate to height. Experience not as important as submissive state of mind. If you KNOW you were born to serve, write NOW. No j/o letters, one-nighters. Serious

WM, 36, 61", 186 lbs, uncut, brown hair, blue eys, full trin beard, week-end athlete. Good collection of tools with a private place to share some give and take sessions. Not into heavy scenes , yet! Looking for another guy who is tired of working on himself and ready to expand his interests by working out with a hot Aquarian. Photo gets mine. Box 165.

USE MY MOUTH & ASS 30, masculine, blond, 5'9", 145 lbs., into very tight pants, want hot verbal funk. Not a slave, but close. You need it, you got it, Will drink, lick, to the state of the state of the No fakes, for the mail late is cool, (213) 663-6713. Rigg, Write: Box 146.

LOS ANGELES, SM, Capricorn, 45, 5'11", 175 lbs., 6", raunchy guy digs it dirty, top or bottom. Mutual sucking, fucking, pissing, shitting. No FF or lat. No photo, no answer. Box 143

Wrestling in oil, athletic gear, sweat turn you on? Hot, 28-year-old, the young the year old, get together with you and thow if off in a straining joek strap. Will exchange rice jocks and photos with all. Must really get off on locker room ass. Travel U.S., mostly New York, West Cost, Germany, Portugal, R.M. Box 1993, Newport Beach, CA

SAN FRANCISCO. 28.5'11", 150lbs, goodlooking, uncut 7", into uncomplicated one-night-stands, Seek similar, prefer uncut, 30-45, turn-on to Asians, Latins, who dig fucking, heavy oral sex, wis. Can assume either role, depending on partner, No seat, drugs, pain. 80x 171.

LAGUNA. S. Aquarius, 36, 6'4", ex-jock, 210 lbs, seeks generous, ex-jock, 210 lbs, seeks generous, ex-jock, 210 lbs, seeks generous, ex-jock, ex-jo

OROVILLE, M. Cancer, 33, 6' 180, white, 6''s, knowledgeable, Needs leather Master for life, I love leather Master for life, I love leather and the state of the latest leather leather

MY SCENE OR YOURS
S&M fantasies realized with attractive, muscular dude into levis, boots, leather, S&M, bondage, w/s. When a body needs a body to learn the how and why. Photo please. Box 115.

SAN DIEGO MOUNTAINS
White, 39, 5'8", '170 lbs, masculine,
hairy chest, beard, into horses, the
land, running, masculine men who
share my distaste for bars, games and
typical gay head trips. Lee, Sherilton Valley Rd., Descanso, CA 92016.

MONTEREY PENINSULA Hunky 40s, ready to serve. You call the shots by writing: Box 4413, Carmel, CA 93921.

LOS ANGELES MS, Leo 26, 5111". 120 liss, white, 8" black hair, blue eyes, mustache, good looking, non-anoxed/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full time biker leather man who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculins leather since to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his position. A real man who knows what he wants and how to take II. No leave, SF, Call. Box 88113. L.A., CA

FRAZIER PARK, M. Taurus, 40, 5'11" 155 lbs, white, 7%", novice, hot, handsome, masculine bottom seeks sensitive, masculine, hunky oldhand heavy into ass play. Shouldhave expertise with respect to limits. No fems, fats, pain for its own sake. 80x 865.

True novice M, 23, 5'9", 140 lbs, 6" cut, beard, wants the paddle, etc. from clean guys about same age. Make me squirm and serve, No FF, blood. Send details, Smith, Box 7306, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

15, 6"3", 225, virile, healthy, experienced, wants contact with men near his my size. 30+ only, CB's, bikers, cowboys reply to: R.K., Box 905, 43 Oskview, CA 93022.

S, w/m, 28, 6', 165 lbs, tanned and very handsome, 7%", seeks 30-plus senior slaves with oversized worked on ripples, to worship and serve my body. Candidates will have services of junior slave to prepare them to serve me and tongue clean us both required with letter under the cations, Box 138

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7", 130 lbs, 7" cut, handsome, masculine, completely uninhibited, raunchy dude can wield a whip as well as take it. Exhibitionist enjoys bizzare without hangups, expects same. Not into FF, clean freaks, dishonest types, Digs w/s, B&D, S&M. Box 162.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'8', 135 lbs., 8' cut, Novice with intelligence, adaptibility, perception, into a variety of scenes tooking for partners, white, to 40, taller than myself, and the control of the

LOS ANGELES, W/m. 27, 5°11".

156 lbs, 8", very goodlooking bottom with hot, deep hole looking for built leather/levi study for hot, sweaty action. Looking for muscular sweaty, smelly tops into FF, w/s, S&M, rough action, into smelly armiting, indigense, Looks not important, body and artitude are. Bob, Box 4814, L.A., CA 90048.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 32, 5°3".
130 lbs., muscular very goodlooking and intelligent. Need a muscular master to work on my worked-on nppoles. Leether, 820, tattoos a plus. Photo. Box 31316, S.F., CA 94131.
SAN FRANCISCO, S. 26, 5°10".

SAN FRANCISCO, S, 26, 5'10" 140 lbs., seeks m's. Gabriel, 158 Turk, No. 609, S.F., CA 94102 (415) 441-2602.

lbs., black hair/brown eyes, trim beard, dominant looking and seting. Hot dude, new to California, needs trim, goodlooking sex-master, 25-35, to being me to my knees, Photo & letter to: Robb, Box 3089, 258. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211. MONTEREY AREA, 46, w/m, seeks hairy, macho w/m, 30-60, who is clean and sane for man-to-man re-

Am obedient, respectful, semi-muscu-lar, hairless body, 6" cut; into serv-ing my master and his desires with my complete attention. Will learn things, will strive to please

need master with natience

Young slave, slim and smooth, 21–26, sought by handsome "Marlboro" type Master, 42. Spanking, bondage, humiliation, light S&M. Inexperienced ok. All fettishes welcome. Asians and Latins especially welcome. Box 207.

SAN FRANCISCO, S, 28, seeks real slaves into a variety of scenes, especi-ally with cigars. Am hot, tattooed, pierced and hung. Photo in issue No. 27, page 76. Barry. Box 243.

WHIPMASTER Heavy whip fetishist will buy/sell/ trade or correspond/meet others with

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 42, 9", needs stern master to administer firm spanking. Will treat you with tender loving care, (415) 776-2438.

Expert, 30, seeks work. Heavy tit play my specialty. Dark haired and hairy guys my turn on. Box 28.

LOS ANGELES, M, 33, 5'10", 180 lbs., white, seeks husky, hairy, beer-drinker for w/s. Box 44.

Black male slave, 24, 5'9", needs understanding Master, 30-50, pre-ferably over 6". Must be dominate and forceful for me to serve and

PLEASE SIR Wanted: white, hairy, leather Master 35-60, to teach and love inexperi-enced white, 5'9", 155 lbs., 24 yearenced white, 5'9", 155 lbs., 24 year-old, average looking slave. No games. Sincere only. Thank you, Sir. Jim. Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Tough, hard, beer drinking, cigar smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimey asshole and rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts levis and leather. Dios chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8.

WILLING ASS/EAGER MOUTH White, 21, 6'2", 170 lbs., 7 versatile. Matt (714) 893-2190.

44, 6', 170 lbs., wants lasting slave/ buddy to 40 for VA, light B&D. Box 237.

PASADENA, 2 construction work-ers: 26, 6', 155 lbs., 9%" and 43, 5'9", 12", into big dick. If you like big dick, your photo gets ours, or? Box 236.

markems and future Masters, Beet-ings, verbel abuse, humilisations, scat, Make me beg for mercy. Photo and instructions to: Box 27755, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

FUNKY LEVIS 175 lhe sexv yets off on up-front crotch sex is super tight dripping levis, jocks, bikinis. Dig boots, leather beer, WS, spit, sweat, exhibitionism, tit work, raunchy j/o. No fats, puffs, Box 224.

THE ART OF S&M strong, lean model; bare/ who would sit perfectly still . . / tied to a chair/ or one which would kneel / with

Seeks philanthropists to complete doctorate, Am 25, Box 32.

SAN FRANCISCO, 33, 5'8", 150 lbs., bearded, oral obedience, tit-work, rimming, humiliation, verbal abuse, jockstraps, begging; either role. No pain or bondage. Box 64, 537 Jones, S.F., CA 94102.

good hands, paddles and other toys, 375B.

WHITE MASTER, 23, 5'10", 150 7" cut, seeks goodlooking, young, serious slave with desire to serve, learn and obey. I am a clever, energetic Master who knows how to use you effectively. Box 130Y.

HAYWARD, M. Capricorn, 39, 6'3' for total oral service, body worship, humiliation, verbal abuse, w/s, tit-work. Face sitters preferred, Photo and frank letter will get prompt reply. Box 104UC.

S, 5'10", 150 lbs., 23, 7", cut, looking for white M to 29, goodlooking submissive, cut, subserveant and masculine, Southern California area. Must be smooth, not hairy, not into playing games, Must follow orders. Box 130Y.

seeking hot young stud for

CAUCASIAN MALE, 45, 6', 194 lbs., Los Angeles, enjoys laying

LOS ANGELES. S. Taurus, 45, 6'4", 210, white, 9", experienced seeks slaves for a week in the woods. NORTH RAY AREA

s, spurs LOS ANGELES, M. Aries, 38, 6'

to midnight. Other times answering machine, Write: Box 101SF, ANGELES. SM, 40. uncut, experienced Master or

FORESKIN LOVER Libra, 35, 6'2", 165 lbs., 9" cut, white, goodlooking, seeks big uncut cocks with lots of foreskin, I dig cocks with lots of foreskin. I dig sucking, playing, and worshipping what you've got. No age or race hangurs. Enjoy amyl, Have fantasy about playing with huge animals. Write: R.A.W., Box 11772, Palo Alto, CA 94306

SAN DIEGO AREA SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" over 25, clean, in leather or levis Box 667F.

ATTENTION SLAVES Dominant, goodlooking w/m bodybuilder, 29, seeks goodlooking, smooth-bodies, well-built slave, 18-28. Light S&M, B&D, spanking, Novice ok, Write now, slave! Photo to: Mac, Box 162, San Pablo, CA 94806. CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS! LOW RATES AND EASY FORMS

GRANADA HILLS, white, 21, nov-lice slaves seeks understanding Master hard 7°, soft belly, sexy face, shore to train me right. Sox 174.

EATHERSEX WANTED M. 51°11", 148 lbs., 7° cut, goodlook- Box 10.

Box 10.

LOS ANGELES, M. Pisces, 42 6'2 198 lbs., white, 7%", looking for a man for love and other things in this area Rox 11.

COMING TO COLOBADO 30, coming in May needs date with full leather guy, preferably with Sam Browne belt and black rubber boots. No S&M or B&D. J. Hewell, Box 26526. S.F., CA 94126.

guys wearing leather pants, ts, high-top boots, Ed Moyer, 66, Silverton, CO 81433. Inneed a job on a working cowboy anch or farm, I wear high boots,

chaps, leather pants, jacket, hat. Ed Mover. Box 616. Silverton. CO

BRIDGEPORT/NYC, S, 29, ex-US-MC, wants slaves, 21–35, for military discipline, (203) 366-3574; 7–10 pm. All scenes considered.

MYSTIC, S, Aries, 50s, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand, Experi-enced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fems. Box 329.

PERRIER LOVER
New Haven, w/m, 28, 5'11", 135
lbs., cut, seeks slave, 21-45, Into w/s.
Wy hose is ready to burst. Box 178.

Would like to meet guys for sex and friends in the nearby area. Must have your own place. Call Anthony (203) 325-2364.

GREENWICH, S, 5'11", 160 lbs. Cancer, leather master seeks mascu line slaves who need B/D, S&M line slaves who need B/D, S&M, W/S, and tit work. Heavy leather scene but respect limits, Macho sex partners must know how t in Grand Fraction, Box 51E

Guy likes to get it in tight butt hole. If you are 8 inches or more and dig Fr., I am your guy. Photo if possible, gets mine. Box 701A.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M. 38, 5*11", 170, White, 6", Handsome, masculine, muscular, lean, Run, Work-out, Interested similar type S, 25-45, Box DCS101.

Enthusiast appreciates real-life ex-periences where guys use other guys for hot-cock sport. Fraternities, milifor hot-cock sport. Fraternities, mili-tary, reform school, athletic teams. Swap your true accounts for des-criptions of other study hot times. John Barton, 735 Eleventh St, NW, Washington, DC 20001.

WASHINGTON, DC., S, 36, 5'10" 140 lbs., hung, masculine, wants M under 3b, needing training in WS, B&D, light S&M, You must take orders and be ready to serve. Submit letter of application detailing quali-fications and desires. Box 263.

SATANIC MASTER Forming GAY devil worship coven Much filth, fucking and evil shit Write, sending nude, erotic photo 8 phone. High Priest, Box 21066 Washington, DC 20009.

WASHINGTON, SM, Sagittarius, 33, 5'7", 130, White, 10", Knowledge-able, Very interested in a variety of n with mature, uninhibited part 45 to 50 preferred. No fems fats, long hair, body odor. Box 0840

WASHINGTON slave, Sagittarius, 54, 5'6'8'', 168 lbs., white, 6''. Relishes being subservient to decent, goodlooking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beard, red heads, hairy bodies. Roy 228

DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 155 lbs.,

FLORIDA

TAMPA, S, 23, 5'11", 150 lbs white, will soundly spank naughty boys (18-35) bare bottoms until you promise to behave. Box 1582, you promise to Tampa, FL 33601

FT. LAUDERDALE W/M, 37, 6'2' 175 lbs., if you love to get spanker send photo and phone, Box 69.

If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough masters, write me and tell me what travel and will receive. Also islizing in WS, S&M, B&D, Fr, and Gr, with Mr. Right.

Clean, sexy, very attractive GW masculine, 29, wants to explore bit masculine, 29, wants to explore bi-ness through young white couple(s) /group, Prefer F (18-28), M (21-38), /firm body, together heads, attrac-tive, professional, discreet, friendly, fun, No drugs, snokers, 80, bat teeth, etc. Nice, modern perverts only. Will exchange returnable photos with serious prospects. Box 1122, Hislesh, FL 33011.

TOUGH HUNK MEN sought to get down and worship this goodlooking blonde/blue-eyed Nar-cissist, 39, 5'10", 160, muscles; into cissist, 39, 5'10", 160, muscles; into heavy piss games, muscle licking, mirrors, fantasy, enemas, Want studs only or masculine slaves. Miami area. Box 47.

SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6" massuline muscular stud seeks Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo and phone, Box

HANDSOME & DOMINANT Muscular male, white, Libra, extremely safe and sane, turns on with light-medium S&M, B&D with the right submissive Wm, 18-25. Box 22671, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

HEAVY HAIRY MEN When in South Florida call (305) 324-5754 for a good slave. Men over 25, hairy, muscular, macho only need

COCOA BEACH, S. Capricorn, 59, 5'6", 155, White, Knowledgeable, 76". 155. White. Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to please. Box Rox 40.

lbs., 7%", white, seeks masculine dude, 25-50, for kinky scenes, I/o, piss, scat fantasies, dirty talk, enemas, tit work. in and

M, 5'10", 155 lbs., 50, 8" cut, tight but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 hairy, macho, funky, rugged man under 200 lbs., into levis, leather, uniforms, funky sex, w/s, sv being pleased by a man who

FT. LAUDERDALE male really turned on by Movie Mayhem series wants to meet or correspond with persons similarly turned on, Box

NORTH PALM BEACH, M, 26, 6'5", 195 lbs., 7", white, seeks dominant master to keep me in line. Discreet and masculine. I will serve willingly. S&M, B&D, w/s, boots, humilation, all ok. Please, Sir, I need a good spanking. Box 142.

HIALEAH, SM. Pisces, 32, 5 165, white, 6", Knowledgeable, 165, white, 6". Knowledgeable, Experienced in both roles to go as fer as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Mismi or Ft, Lauderdale. No fems, fats, long hairs. Box 009.

LAKE WORTH, SM, Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175, White, 8", Old hand, Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, ama-

ST. PETERSBURG, S. Virgo 28, 6'4", 170, white, 6%", intelligent professional wants younger partner into rough sex. Dominates with af fection. Seeks mutual satisfaction Must act masculine, be lean, hand some. Relationship possible for sensitive person. Box 179.

GEORGIA

RODYBUILDER BODYBUILDER
seeks firm-bodied, macho males for
correspondence, photo and cumfilled bikini exchange, I am turned
on to all kinks with firm, macho
males, Mike, Box 658, Stone Moun-

IDAHO

BOISE, SM. 44, 6', 158, uncut 7" Into spreadeagle, suspension sub lite or no body hair, slim, interested in B&D. No fats, scat, hairy. Box 052F8

TRAVELING DOMINANT 36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7", looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trust-worthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage, am always horny. No fats, fems, w/s, drugs, or heavy pain. In terested in possible vacation/ski bud dies. Box 18.

CHICAGO, M. 26, 5'11", 165 lbs., 6%", novice seeks intro to B&D, w/s, light S&M, Gr., Fr., w/aroma, 25-35. Gregg Yarbrough, 1525 W. Estes, Chicago, IL 60626.

CHICAGO WEEKENDER Masc. 36, worn levis, jock, 7'

White male slave, 26, needs experi-White male slave, 26, needs experi-enced master, 30-50, heavy pro-longed bondage, rope, leather, gags, masks, mummification, w/s, servi-tude, spanking, heavy mental trip to develop training in Chicago Ares.

teach me a few things (312)

Is my big turnon. Also breeches, leather and uniforms. W/m, 37, 148 lbs., seeks others with same interests lin Suite 804 Chicago, IL 60606.

admiration and sexual fulfillment. Rewards for good service. Am 6', 180 lbs., located in the St. Louis area (Alton II.) Box 159M.

DES PLAINES, J.D.: Saw you in Drummer 281 I'm 24, blonde, with well-defined swimmer's body. Write and I promise you won't be disap-pointed! Your address gets my photo. Box 232.

WRESTLING STUDS Young scrapper, 29, turns on to trunks and boots, locks and singlets. old jockey shorts, or plain naked ag gression. Rough and tumble, no scenes. Will swap jocks, jocker shorts, photos with all. Box 8397 Chicago, IL 60680.

WANTED: SALVE No week-end, or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age inimportant. Into all scenes except scat, Call collect (312) 743-4505, giving operator your name as slavey, or write Rox 665F

DO YOU WANT TO BE OWNED? Then I may want you for my per sonal slave. Send name, address sonal slave. Send name, address, photo & details, or call Mark (312) 642-9902. You will serve, travel, and lead a luxurious lifestyle with me. Box 5788, Chicago, IL 60680.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular \$, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodyknows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Poten-tial slave should be submissive, 21 and know his place

PASSIVE W/M, 47, 5'7", 150 lbs. male to service (no saddles, chaps, boots, trooper uni-forms, jock straps. You need not have all interests, 50% or better, cigar smoking, foul mouthed dude 45 or older into getting rimmed, spitting & pissing, farting, shitting, pukeing, and spanking. If you are a body-builder, any age, and desire to be watched and admired by non-athletic guy, write, John, Box A3200, Chicago, IL 60690.

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10", 140 CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5°10", 140 lbs, 75" uncut, white, completely inexperienced. Willing to try anything with the right person, Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker hesvily into wis who wants a man-to-man relationship with warm, affectionate partners. Should be well built with body hair. Box 160.

ALTON, S. Capricorn, 35, 6', 170 Ibs., white, knowledgeable, versatile, muscular, hunky stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats. Box 159M.

CHICAGO M 6'3" 175 lbs 23 8" cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6' over 8' in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to debe butch, have strong sex drive and

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs. muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable. 7" cut. Handsome bodyknows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive. obedient, and know his place.

CHICAGO. M. Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Enthusiastic and willing to try almost everything with levelheaded partne in good physical condition. No fems fats. Box 186Z.

175 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong in-terest for mutually booted sessions. Respect limits, no fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 17R25.

SLAVE OR MASTER?
Chicago, Virgo, 30, 5°10", 160 lbs., blue eyes, hairy chest, give/take fucking, bondage, light S&M. Clean cut seeks same for one week mad, passionate love affair. No fems, fats,

McHENRY, M. 25, 5'8", 155, 7". Seeks muscular, rugged, masculine Master who will expect obedience and reward worship. I know I was born to serve. Box 058,

CHICAGO, w/m, 36, 6'3", 220 lbs, uncut, short goatee, levis and boots, I like to french and lick husky, bearded, clean studs, 25-45. Must be very masculine. Big, soft belly a plus. Open to other scenes if not too kinky. No skinnies or young, Absolute discretion assured. Photo and phone, Box 144.

BORN TO SERVE Need to worship big, muscular body Need to worship big, muscular body, know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155, slender but muscular build, Prefer someone in their 30s, tall, at least 6', well endowed, muscular, ruggedly soodlooking, hairy chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness.

CHICAGO AREA 22, 5'10", 180 lbs., straight acting appearing, shy novice needs gradua but firm training in bondage and sub mission from dominant, level-headed discreet top to 40. No scat, shaving. Photo appreciated, Write: Box 156. Chicago, M. 23, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8"

cut, athletic, lean, muscular, hand-some, into B&D, S&M, levis, leather, heavy Gr and Fr action, needs rugged Master who wants me spread eagle so he can use me any way he wents. Expand my limits, Box

CHICAGO, W/M, 33, 6', 155 lbs., looking for action, especially fucking and bondage. Send photo and phone

CHICAGO MASTER Out-of-stater comes to Chicago occasionally looking for slim slaves over 18 into bondage, discipline, shaving, w/s, FF and S&M, Am 6'2" 8%" uncut respect limits in uncut, respect limits, im her for get-together when I am in Chicago and available to work you over. Box 308B.

W/M SEEKS LONGJOHN/unionsuit guys into B&D, humiliation, in boys underwear, Jay H., 450 Briar No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

CHICAGO. SM, Aries, 26, 5'6" 147 lbs., white, 6", butch body builder, 40" chest, 14%" arms, hair 147 lbs, white, 6", butch body-builder, 40" chest, 14%; arms, hairy chest, tattoo; new to S&M, into ley, butch stude into leather, leving, butch stude into leather, leving, ley, butch stude into leather, leving, ley, butch stude into leather, leving, will write hole if you're man enough to get me on bottom. Send photo & phone to: Jim, Box T-24, 223. S. Franklin Blvd., No. 804.

short haired, white Masters over 6", over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience, Should CENTRAL ILLINOIS, w/m, 29, 5'10", 155 lbs, bearded, Honda 750 owner seeks dominant biker or other

CHICAGO, M, 6'3", 175 lbs., 23, 8" cut. semi-muscular, goodlooking

hair/eyes, seeks muscula hair/eyes, seeks muscula paired white Masters over 6

strong, masculine types with love of leather, levis, boots. Light S&M. Subscription Service



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INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS. S, Libra, 35, 6', 150, white, 7", old hand. Very demanding but considerate Master, heavy into S&M, bondage, humilia-

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6', 180 lbs., 6%" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try snything at least once, but basic in handsoe and pain. Turns

INDIANAPOLIS, S, 48, 6'3", 195 lbs., 6%" uncut, seeks willing, obedi-ent, submissive slave, masculine, slenbut forceful

ASTERN IOWA Novice M w/m EAST LEHN I LOWA, Novice M, w/m, 29, 57"; 130 lbs., would like to meet and serve leather & levi masters in area. Nice build, into taking care of all master's sexual needs, w/s, B/D, scat, S&M; if limits respected. Box 89.

white, handsome, 6'1", 20 leather/levi sessions in the woods and in my camper, Submit to bondage on trees, spreadeagle on ground, WS, B&D, S&M, Limits respected, but I demand service constantly. Send photo and phone, Box 246.

KANSAS

HAYS. M. Aries, 33, 6'5", 200 white, 7", good body, hairy, bear ded, boot and leather lover, know ledgeable, seeks big, hairy master 25-45, into leather, levis, w/s, 8&D jocks and boots, No heavy S&M

Goodlooking, levi, white bottom-Prefer uncut, trim, freewheeling. Bo: 376T

M, passive beginner, 36, w/m, 5'10" 160 lbs. Box 223.

REST RET BI

46 year old w/m, topman, bi, has 18 year old mostly straight roommate. also topman, both very strict, street-wise. Have openings for slaves. No experience necessary. No fats or ferns. Box 960.

COVINGTON W/m, 38, 6'4", 180 lbs., muscular, hot top ready to work you over. Into sweat, muscles, BO, pain, spit, piss, soat, hoods, leather jocks, light to heavy scenes. D.H., 412 E. 2, Covington, KY 41011.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS, S. Virgo, 30, 5'9", 150 lbs., white, needs Master who is patient and willing to teach novice. Enjoy leather, tit action. Write, Must be discreet, Send name and phone number, photo if possible. Box 666B.

HARVEY. SM. Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7'', novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/diskles. Seeks similar into role-No fems, drunks Rox

NEW ORLEANS White 22 6'1" NEW ORLEANS. White, 22, 61", 150 lbs., student, total novice needs master for training. Responsible, masculine men, please, 6207 Perrier, N.O., LA 70118.

BATON ROUGE, S. Leo. 28, 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 8", knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 47W.

LAFAYETTE, couple: Aries, 28 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 7" and Cancer, 20, 5'6", 135 lbs., white 9". Group scenes. Clean, discreei white. masculine, jocks. What's your scene

MARYLAND

WEEKEND SLAVE
Couple (S: 32, 160 lbs, 5'11" and
M: 32, 150 lbs, 5'1 need services of
a weekend slave into w/s, lite 8&D,
S&M. Applications accepted, photos
a must. Box 147. W/m, 26, 5'10%", 170 lbs., with hot mouth and ass. To worship, obey, serve masculine, muscular, under-standing Master. Box 33.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON, Virgo, bottom, 30, 6'2" uncut 8", needs hunky white master for B&D, light S&M, submission I'm a novice but can spot a bull-shitter across the room. Photo gets raply. Box 149.

low orders and would like to mest someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control, No fats, especi-ally no fems. Box 192.

REAL SLAVE 27, 6', 160 lbs., blond, goodlooking, seeks serious master to own me as property to work, beat, abuse for his pleasure. Send orders, photo. Will relocate for right master. Serious only. Box 249.

BOSTON, 2 guys, 30s, S: 5'9". 150 lbs., into leather, rubber, w/s, etc. M: 6', 165 lbs., into rubber in-fantilism, w/s, and serving beer drinkers. Both masculine, virile, slim and like threesomes with other S who enjoys giving w/s and receiving head Rox 101MAP.

MICHIGAN

TAYLOR. MS. Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165, white, 6%". Novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally, Box 26

26. Scorpio. 7", 6'1". Adaptable to many situations. Willing and able to please, Box 101MIM, ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 07, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horney, not afraid sensual as well as horney, not afraid sensual as well as horney, not afraid sensual as well as horney as a seeks as well as horney and seeks as well as horney and seeks as well as horney as well as

to give and take alike. Into levi/ leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emo-tional problems, Box 204.

MINNESOTA

DOMINANT MAN. 40. 5'11". 168 heavy drugs or drunks. Rox

W/M, 30s, eager to meet, serve, fit 18-35 w/m Master. I'll do most any-thing short of real pain, Possibility thing short of real pain. Possibility of friendship. Especially want to give extended attention to all of your body, including feet, ass, etc. Box 3111, St. Paul, MN 55165.

MINNEAPOLIS SLAVE
28, 57", 145 lbs, blonde hair, hazel eyes, looking for Master. Would like hairy chest. Will serve you totally. Like big cocks, into FF, WS, B&D, toys. Box 211.

MISSOURI

sincere, secure, experienced, 667D. ST. LOUIS/KANSAS CITY

Dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., uncut 8%", seeks receptive slaves when I travel to your area. Am ag-gressive, experienced, imaginative, re-spectful of limits. Into S&M, B&D, w/s, shaving, FF, etc. You should be over 18, receptive, white, slender and masculine. You should include your phone number in your reply. Will call when I am nearby and avail-able. Box 308B.

ST. LOUIS, SM, 43, 6', 160 lbs, 7" uncut, beard, novice, into either role. Looking for masculine dudes. 21-45, prefer hairy chest and un-cut. No fats, fems, or scat. Dig top role, into WS, cock worship, Box

KANSAS CITY, want relationship with muscular, hairy white man, mustache/beard, 21-40. I'm 26, number if possible. Very discreet.

YOUNG NOVICE
23, 5'4", 130 lbs, 6" cut, looking for muscular, straight-looking, rugged man to be my Master, buddy, lover. Am clean cut, honest, quiet, intelligent and submissive. No drugs or seat, Should be 30-45, good build, hung and into levis/leether. Turn on to big hands. Box 66 70.

ST. LOUIS, S. Leo. 31, 5'9", 210. stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

BOX SERVICE AVAILABLE

\$30

Add:

NEW JERSEY

GAY
IN NEED OF FRIENDS?
The Egyptian, a private club, offers a relaxed amblence which includes plush surroundings conducive to con-

relaxed ambience which includes plush surroundings conducive to conversation, as well as a dignified alternative in which men may privately rendezvous. For additional information call (2011 295-490.0S) TRULY AN OASIS LOCATED IN CENTRAL

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY, W/M, 38, 6'2", 185, hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master, yet quiet, straight acting and Master, yet quiet, straight acting and permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems or phonies. Box drugs, fats, fems or phonies. Box

HIGHSTOWN, M. 32, 5'8", 160, 7" cut. Blonde hunk seeks being controlled, Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking cut dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well, Box 201NJ.

SOUTH JERSEY. Experienced M, hot, masculine, 27, 6'3', 170 lbs, 7", wim, with tattoos and full trimbeard, Seeks experienced, masculine, muscular Master over 6' to work on warrogance. Head trips as well as well as Levi, leather, uniforms with light to heavy S&M, 8BD, WS, VA, TT, FF, sweat, forced tattooing or other kink. Masculine men under 40 only. No soat, Photo and letter gets mine. Can travel Norheast, Box 250.

BOUND AND GAGGED
MS, 30, 59", 175 lbs., 7" cut,
muscular, masculine, handsome,
black, athlete, experienced, enjoys
safe, sane, erotic bondage games. No
safe, sane, erotic bondage games. No
bottom kidnap bondage sex scenes
with solid-built athletic types. Phone
swalable, Box 213.

MASTER'S STABLE
Has two openings, including No. 1.
Tryouts for experienced or promising
slaves. I want it, you do it. Am 38,
5'10", 145 lbs., 6" uncut. Box 252.

TIT TORTURE
CORRESPONDENCE CLUB
Guys who are turned on by tit torture . exchange experiences,
fantasies. Bob Hughes, Box 333,
Lyndhurst, NJ 97071.

BELLVILLE, WM, 59°, 170 lbs.
45, dirty blonde hair, very muscular auy want same w/m s only between BS-31. have 16° arms, 44° chest. BS-31 lbs. 16° arms, 44° chest. S&M, body worship, etc. What's construction worker, and an accuracy of the second construction worker, and an oblight. It like goots, car and motor-cycles. I hate discot, opera and the so-called fine art, 16 m ora typical social conditions of the second construction worker and the second control of the second control o

Hot men do hars out in the forest and mountains of Sissey, County, Northern NJ, In bad weather, aurest and fireplaces go full steam, in good weather we visit Long Beach Island above Atlantic City. If you enjoy smoke, muse

JERSEY CITY. M. Libra, '34, 6'.
163, White, 6%". Novice, Have enjoyed light leather bondage & spanking while spreadeagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants on the special special

Slave turns on to cigar smokers. Am 29, 59", 156 lbs., 7". Enjoy men in 29, 59", 156 lbs., 7". Enjoy men in kinky zenes. Will give special attention to cops, truckers, guards. Expand my limits. All replies answered. Your photo gets mine. Travel East and West Coasts. My pleasure to get and West Coasts. My pleasure to get schimdt, Box 209, S. Plainfield, NJ 07080.

SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42, 61". 154 lbs, 7%" uncut, experienced, seeks same. Can pick up on partners needs and supply them. Should be same age, masculine or muscular, med or well-endowed. No fats, fems, scat, drunks, or younger looking than about 40. Prefer white, no facial bair. Box 15.

NJ/NYC, w/m, 5'11", 182 lbs, 6'5", 40, topman experimenting with bottom role. Into locks, toys, oil, j/o, piercing, enemas, spreadeagle bondage, outdoors, jeeps, young tight white bodies. Also correspond with tops and bottoms countrywide. Photos returned and appreciated. Box 21.

> NEW YORK MINI, 41, 6'3'', slender, goo y, 6", tattoo; seeks versati

W/m slave, 35, Capricorn, into heavy, prolonged leather bondage, harnesses, masks, strait-jackets, rubber, bandages, etc. Into enemas. Looking for together guy who is also affectionate. Into total bondage lifestyle. Am 5107, 155 lbs. Box. 107.

LAZY REBEL Needs boot camp training. Detail when properly demanded. Box 12

Scat taker seeks scat giver. Any age, any race, I am white, 47, 6'2", 170 lbs., average goodlooks. Not into S&M or any kind of fixed roleplaying. Let's just be friends and have some fun. Beer gut ok, but no fats, please. Box 238. Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS or your ped, which ever you prefer, 37, 62°, 160 lbs., 55° cut, and new god studs who like to be worshipped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, lock, dirty talk, and the aroma of leather turns me on, I want fantasies and kinkly scenes from big-ocked masters. No fats or fems, Will ty most anything once, My tender white ass awelts your pleasure. Will amove all, Box of

NYC, 38, 5'10'', 160 lbs., white, 7'', dark hirsute, mustached, seeks intense asshole sex (FF inclusive) with intelligent, aggressive Orientals, 35 to 45. Dig long scenes from both sides. Reciprocal, adventurous, looking to break ground. No fems, fats, fakes, seat, Box 27.

seat, Box 27.

NYC MASTER, 31, 5'7", 135 lbs, 6'8" cut, goodlooking, seeks dog slave to get down and worship, Must have obedient mouth and hole. No fots, ems. No into heavy S&M.

New York M, Sag., needing training. Am 36, 155 lbs., white, 8" uncut, J.M.C., Box 28, Shirlet, NY 11967.

FORESKIN STRETCHING Cock torture, foreskin chewed. Trim beard, 6', 195 lbs., 49. NYC suburbs. Box 90.

NIPPLE FREAK
Wants to meet/correspond/exchange
photos etc. with guys into their tits.
Mine are big and always in need of
to tworkout. Into any kind of tit
scene, hot to work over other guys
nipples, and dirty talk, Box 20.

NYC Macho master, 5'10", 172 lbs., 47, wants good bodies slave devotee of spreadeagle position. Will explore and expand limits, Particular attention given to stomach, navel, tits, cock, balls and ass. Am knowledgeable and know you must enjoy for me to enjoy, 8ox 42.

UTICA, NY, White, 44, 5'11", fat 9", new to area, good top man, occasional bottom, mild S&M, very masculine and straight looking, want to meet people in area, Not into bars, Over 40 oday if slim. Blacks, Hispanics, humpy whites, truckdrivers travelling through. Have own place. Box 30.

BODYBUILDER
Young butch white bodybuilder, 6', seeks butch, hung Blacks, Latins, very hot Whites. MW, Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

TRAINING NEEDED W/m, 33, 5'6", 158 lbs., medium build, 6" cut, novice M seeks understanding Master to bring out ability to serve, Willing, obedient. Not into seat or public humiliation, Hope for tall, white man over 20. Box 80.

MS, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., 6%" cut, into anal sex, FF on a reciprocal basis, Prefer Orientals, 30-45, trim, Am level headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner, Box 63.

ROCHESTER. If you are into wild three-ways where anything goes, 2 horny guys are waiting for you. Box 203.

GROOVY ITALIAN SLAVE 5'9", 165 lbs., 27, seeks dominant, chunky, beer-bellied brutes, 5'8" to 5'11", 180 to 230 lbs., who enjoy dominating a butch dog-collared slave for a trip and a half. Write: Box 3058, Church St. Sts., New York, NY 10008.

MANHATTAN, handsome, Black, 30, 59°, 8°, 150 lbs. help, rugged gym arist, Gr/Fr active/passive wants well built, hung, masculine bottom man, any race, 21–45, especially with heiry ass/back, warmth and intelligence, Sould enjoy the sting of carring palms, Itheork, piss, FF. Clean. Photo. Box 242. You are: Not, handsome, dominat-

ing stud who wants to be serviced lesurely and expertly by a hot, butch w/guy, 24, 57", 140 lbs., moustache, brown hair, smooth defined body. You are imaginative, intelligent, passionate and very New York, Fantasy, WS, etc., are ok. No pain, freaks, heavy \$5Mt. Send photo, interests to: Marc, Box 5E, New York, NY 10011.

Early 40s, making up for lost time. Looking for macho guys into leather, boots, sweaty jocks and socks, athletic gear, to ignite popper fantasies. Bottoms welcome. Send photo and phone, Box 248.

INEXPERIENCED
W/m, 28, 5'6", 135 lbs, 7%", seeks
patient, well-hung Master to teach me
the finer arts of S&M. Any age. No
fats or fems. Photo & phone for fast
reply. Tom, 166 West 21st St., New
York, NY 10011.

reply. 1 om. 16b West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6'4", hot, goodlooking, masculine, beerded, muscular guy; warm and intelligent, wants to give himself to a together, well-hung stud. Fill my mouth and ass with your cock, hand and piss, clamp my tits. Into most scenes but

MANHATTAN, Hot, hunky, hairy slave ready and on my knees for my Master's pleasure. Am cocksucking, boot licking, piss drinking, 27-year old, ready to expand my few limits. Please. Sir, your letter gets phone number, Goodlooking, semi-novice who worships men. Box 43.

Wants white, funky dominant. You look good and have mouthwatering smell, taste for oral, loving slave who is white, handsome, 46, intelligent. Ballsy letter with photo preferred. Box 260.

NEW YORK, SM, 41, 6'3", 175 lbs.,

nandsome muscular masquine Irisa-English man, novice to S&M, can adapt to either role, 6" cut, seeks manily partners not hung up on acting out fantasy; changsable, adventurous. Should be over 30, taller than 510", and not fat. Box 452A.

25, 5'9". MANHATTAN
25, 5'9". 140 lbs., very handsome, into boxing and serious contest quality bodybuilding, seeks levelheaded guys into same. Want to take boxing lessons from a boxing muscleman. Also seeking a versatile man as a lover to build a stable homelife. Box 154.

LEATHERMASTER
Albany, 32, 5°8's", 165 lbs., 7",
hairy; seeks eager slave with hot
mouth and ass, Respect limits, Send
letter of submission with photo and
phone, Bill C., 163 Jay St., Albany,
NY 12210.

GREENWICH VILLAGE 28 62°C 155 lbs, biomob bodybuilder, 103°C thick and uncut. Fantastic pecs, super buns, seeks similar or anything hot and dirty from 18-45. Twist my then piss all over me. Leather, levis, groups, wet and willing, Insatiable and without any limits, Your photo gets mine, plus anything else you may vens. [box 18].

W/M, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shapped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big titted guys into long tit workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine, Heavy titted torso friend available for thresomes, Box 4515.

NYC/NJ. Libra, 22, 5'10', 150 lbs. 7'', seeking a macho leather topman for regular hot sessions. Like B&D smoke, amyl. Clean. Photo preferred. Box 190.

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE Libra, 6'3", 60, slender, will do anything for the masculine male who is turned on my my type, Box 290X.

HOT NY STUD BOTTOM W/m, 30, 6°, good body and head, seeks together top w/m, 25-45, beard or mustache a plus but not necessary. Into FF, wfs, titt work, some B&D with right top. Aware heads appreciated, Could expand limits over a period of time with right top. Box 148.

Memphis, Minnaspolis and Cincinnati, 33, 6'1", 175 lbs., what do you want? Need? J.P., 26 Second Ave., ZAF, N.Y., NY 10003.

Taurus, 43, 5'9". 172. White, or Knowledgeable, Trustworthy, responsible, intelligent, creative and fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill M fantasies with which discreet, clean, unselfish masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish partner to 48. No fems, fats, freaks.

NEW YORK, S. Taurus, 44, 61, 170, White, 7", Novice, Seeks dark, hairy slave with large uncut cock, Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

Goodlooking, white, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., needs total domination and discipline by rugged leather master discipline by rugged leather master who will make me worship, beg and grovel at his feet. I dig all kinky, scenes, B&D, w/s, tit play, sheving, etc. Send photo & phone number to: Al, Box 1116, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

on my asseating face and let my talented tongue/mouth do the rest. I'm attractive, butch, 49, 185 lbs., 6°, and dig servicing rugged guys. The more rugged you are the further I'll go. Manly affection, too, Nipple action, you name it! Pecs, muscles, tattoos, facial/body hair, even bald guys are turn ons. Call (212) 684-3582.

VISUAL J/O
Is visual j/o with hot, handsome,
muscular stud your trip? Reply with
photo to: Box 43, Midtown Station,
New York, NY 10018.

my service out of strength, not weakness, in a world that is soft and undisciplined. Box 451T.

Way out and wild S&M given to hot

NYC UNIFORM MAN. MS. 30. 6' who are versatile and can keep it up.
Also into fantasies and 3 or more
groups with the right people. Reply
with photo and phone. Box 687E.

DOMINATING NYC PHOTOGRAPHER wants young, clean-cut, good body, jock type to submit to imaginatively posed photo sessions. Pay or photos poselble. Send age, photo to: Box 574-R, Downstairs, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

NYC, w/m, 36, 5'8", 150 lbs., eager NYC, Wm, 36, 58", 150 lbs., eager to worship, obey, serve understanding Master. Please respect and expand my limits. Prefer knowledgeable, well-built w/m to 47, Also, Westchester County and Southern CT. Box 759, 166 West 21st St., NY., NY 10011.

HOT W/M TRAVELING TO BOISE, M. 45, 6', digs dirt or any kind of Memphis, Minnapolis and Cincin-group or single, day, weekend or nati 33. 6'1". 175 lbs., what do you longer, scatological scenes in dungroup or single, day, weekend or longer, scatological scenes in dun-geon, cage, car repair shop, pig pen, horse or cow stable, or what have you. FF, w/s, S&M, ball action, secure but loose restraints for B&D, over 21. Like to have pictures taken

BUFFALO, W/M, 25, 5'9", 185, 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for levi wearer/ leather lover, 21-35, into S&M and discretion, Box 404BNY.

pio seeks mature, white, French active, not-fat slave – my portable glory hole, my personal toilet, my private cunt. Box 451R.

NASSAU COUNTY, SM, Taurus, 45, NASSAU COUNTY, SM. Taurus. 45, 5°9". 172. 6" uncut. White. Know-ledgeable. Imaginative in either role. Seeks serious, macho leather/levi partner to 48 with reasonable en-durance, into S&M, spreadeagle bon-dage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fems, fats, fakes, Box 185R.

180. White, 6". Knowledgeable, Biker into Leather/Levi/masculine scene seeks intelligent, butch part-ner. Will switch roles for right per-son. No fems, blacks. Box 052H.

Fishermen, sewermen, etc. Hip booted, gasmasked w/m, 25, 5'7" raingear, even innertubes. Let's hose each other with water or piss, slosh in the rain, or slog through the mud. Call (212) 662-0447.

WANTED: Young gays over 18. I'm goodlooking Italian, married, 29, 6', 170, hung Daytime, your place only. Box 154, Westchester Sta., Bronx, NY 10461.

CIGAR SMOKING STUD, bearded tattoo, 37, 6°, 170, 8", into uniforms, leather, boots, w/s, S&M, FF, all far out scenes, Playroom, Want to meer same type, Send photo. Can Travel. Box 4516.

SM, very handsome blond German, 34, 5'9", well-built, masculine in full leather, is moving to NYC and seeks interesting leather studs in NY area; and all over the USA. I'm quite active, but also like to submit, but only to butch studs. Interested in bondage, humiliation, submission and other fantasies. If you are real and down to earth, then you won't be disappointed at all. Enjoy uninhibi-ted, hot leather sessions. Photo and

NEW YORK. 45. M. 5'8", blond, dig macho male any age, levi, leather, lattoos, motorcycles. Write: Box 285 Downstairs, 166 West 21 St., New York, NY 10011.

MANHATTAN, trim guy, 44, 5'7" average equipment, gentle, reliable, clean, intelligent, needs Greek passive for tender times. Age ok, no bad trips. R.H., Box 245, N.Y., NY

BROOKLYN, M. Aquarius, 33, 6', 170, White, Cherokee Indian, 7'k'' uncut. Knowledgeable. Smooth, body-building, talented, tight ass, slave needs domineering Master to 40 over 6", hairy, hung, into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box

GYM JOCK
Gym sock jock wants to rent Levi Boots and Leather Master, trim, 155
J/o buddy. Send photo. Box 414, lbs., white, 7½", wents oral start
156 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius, 36, 57", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, cleancut novice seeks macho, good-dominant partners. Likes eancut novice seeks macno, good-loking, dominant partners. Likes arbal abuse, humiliation and w/s om masculine, cleancut top men, 5-50. No hard S&M or brutality.

Passive beginner is looking for the right man to make me sexually into for the one person to settle down with Box 665E.

FRESH MEADOWS. M. 34, 175. Taurus, White, 6". Uncut. Seek mature, adult, macho male with head together. Levi, leather, con-struction. I can take orders. Blonde, blue-eyed German seeks anything but

wants masculine, unwashed partners, 35-55. Average looks, build. Unin-hibited leatherman, Fully experi-enced in water sports. C&B work.

NEW YORK, M. Aquarius, 38, 5'8", 145, white, 7", masculine and obedient but needing training and discipline from rugged master over 40 service him and his buddles. Box 070T.

SM. 25. 5'9" 150 lbs 7" cut is ev

CLEVELAND, experienced L/L Aries, SM, 5*10**, 150 lbs., 6**, mas-culine, seeks partner into light S&M, B&D, FF, C&B play, TLC, Play both roles and expect partner to also. Let me fulfill your fantasy. Will travel. Have movies and much equipment, Box 251,

CLEVELAND, SM, 35, 6', 186 lbs., muscular/husky build, inexperienced muscular/husky build, inexperienced but tend towards S role, seeks 26 35, up to 6', white, under 200 lbs. at least 6" for further experimenta tion. Box 665H.

COLUMBUS, SM. Taurus, 25, 5'9' 183. White. 6%". Novice, satisfac-tion guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fems. appearing butch types. No fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365

WARREN Double your fun. Couple seeking Double your fun. Couple seeking friendship with other couples or singles. 27, 5'11", 155 lbs., med. build with 7" and 33, 55", 160 lbs., med. build with 7%". Send photo, 879 Dover, Warren, OH 44485.

PRISONER, 28, blond hair/blue eyes, 6'1", 180 lbs., wants mean-ingful correspondence. George E. Hakaim, No. 141-671, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

BOX SERVICE AVAILABLE FOR YOUR CLASSIFIED AD

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10" 155 White 6%" AKRON. MS. Gemini. 43, 6°1". 195, White. 6'5". Knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D. light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug users, hippies. Box 187L.

MS 27 6' 165 lbs swimmer Fager to play games, wrestle, to be cap-tured and bound: spreadeagle, sus-pension, total B&D, Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121.

OKLAHOMA

TRAVELING MASTER, 32, 6'2". Solid 195, 8", Gets to Baton Rouge. Solid 195. 8". Gets to Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Albuquerque, Little Rock and Okla-homa City. Seeks willing slave with magic mouth and hot ass. Into sweaty jocks. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

OK CITY S. 6'2". 32, 195, 8" cut.

OKLAHOMA CITY SLAVE W/m, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., novice, seeks butch masters to service with my hot mouth and ass. Make me crawl, beg, obey and worship you. (405) 634-4886.

Ibs., 8" uncut, ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers, those into uniforms as a lifestyle. No fats, drugs, fems, scat. Discreet, Box 45. STILLWATER SM 36 5'9' 180

OREGON

PORTLAND, 31, 5'5", 165 lbs, dark and hairy, 7", wants to meet hunky truckers, troopers, cowboys. fat, fems, fakes, drugs or blacks Box 667B

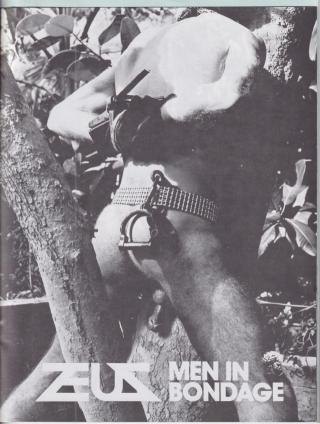
W/M, 30, 6%** W/M, 30, 6%", wants to correspond with and meet raunchy studs. Into piss, spit, uniforms, dirty talk, smoke, amyl, jocks, oil, urinals and far out sex. Send photo with dirty letter. Box 309A.

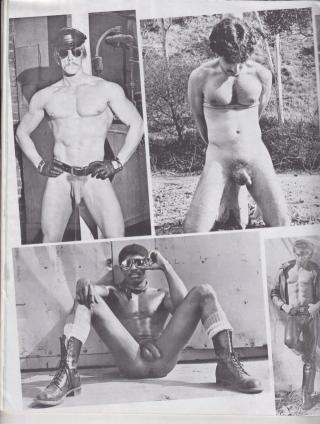
PORTLAND, S, 32, 5'5", 170 lbs., semi-muscular, hairy, 7½" cut, de-manding. Like to hear slaves beg, but respect limits. Masculine dudes.

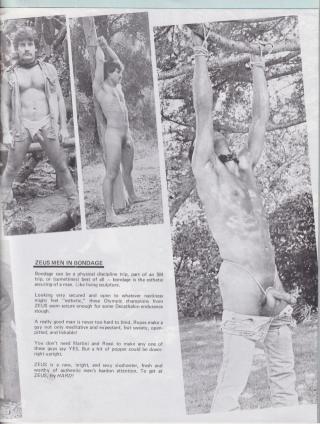
PORTLAND, SM, 28, 160 lbs., 7", intelligent, dominant novice seeks orally orientated bondsge partner into S&M, Submit letter and photo to: Box 217.

My 5'6", 150 lb. 6'4" isn't glamor-ous but it is a functional work of art, Clean, oils, sweat, amyl, mind trips. Top, bottom, auto, FF. Hot to learn sensual S&M. Box 225.

MORE DRUMBEATS ON PAGE 53









DRUMBEATS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

PENNSYLVANIA

HARRISBURG, MS. 31, 5'6", trim. seeks dominant, masculine master, 23–39, into feet, boots, B&D, light S&M, WS, L&L. Travel Northeast. Photo appreciated, will return, R.T.

orn, 50, 5'11", experienced. Preing it with respect to my limits, Will try anything within limits. Like dildoes of all sorts for pleasure. No fems. Rough, hairy, tough, well-built are real turn on. Box 222.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Libra. 49, 5'10\', 140, White. 8". Completely

42. 5'7", 160, White, 7". Knowledgeable, Italian, stallion, muscular leather, chains and boots, Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chains.

180 lbs medium build, hairy chest, big balls. 7" cut, novice is absolutely willing to learn to please. Looking for dominant Master who is into leather, is masculine. Box 119.

experienced clean masculine

BOXING INSTRUCTIONS
I'm 27, 6'3', 185 lbs., looking for a
guy who is good with his fists and
could dig teaching a beginner the
ropes. Into both ring and street
fighting, Man-to-man workouts, 10—
14 oz., gloves, occasional should talk. No pansies or preten-ders. VA, MD, PA. Box 10Q1, York, PA 17405.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Libra. 49. 5', 10½", 140, white, 8". Com-pletely inexperienced. Willing and

PHILADELPHIA. S. Aquarius. 46, 5'9". 165. White, 7". Knowledgeable, maculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, oil, leather, levis, amyl. Send photo and phone number-with respectful letter, Box 209.

RHODE ISLAND

Prefers a dominate who respects limits. No heavy stuff, Willing to learn, Box 164,

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUBMISSIVE w/m, 23, 147 lbs 510". brown hair/eyes, wants to serve white MASTERS, 30-50, into S&M, B&D, w/s, leather, levis, uni-forms and boots. Am Gr passive, Fr active. C.J. Bridwell, Box 1143, Taylors, SC 29687.

TEXAS

HOUSTON, 29, 5'6", 130 lbs., seeks

PERMANENT SLAVE AVAILABLE M 24 5'10" 160 the needs brutal letter will get prompt reply. Box 451V

Sensible attractive mid-30's couple Sensible, attractive, mid-30's couple open for meetings with singles, couples who swing. No S&M, only attractive, versatile, sincere need respond. Travelers, bi-gay, welcome. Your photo gets ours. Box 36243, Dallas, TX 75235.

DALLAS, Virgo, 35, 5'8", 151 lbs., 7" seeks Black with uncut or blind meat over 7" for water sports. Am

Dallasite desires initiation into S&M and B&D. No heavy scenes, Box 8, FT WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 190 lbs

Send descriptive letter to: Box Box 36061, Dallas, TX 75236

NASHVILLE, S. 39, 6', 150 lbs.

VIRGINIA SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs.

dirty talk construction workers, Box 262.

LYNCHBURG, MS, 31, 5'11", 145

phone get mine. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220

NEW YORK/VERMONT 41 Inn-

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, completely inex-perienced, 7", uncut, 5'10", 240

TACOMA, SM. Capricorn, 37, 6'2%", 190. White, 7", Novice wants to learn

23, 5'9", 145 lbs., raunch, obscen-ity. Exchange foul polaroids, etc. with anyone, anywhere, Box 137,

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA W/S W/m, 5'4", 135 lbs., 49, seeks younger masculine types into piss scenes. Wet levis, boots, Fr active, one way or mutual. No fats, fems or drugs.

CENTRAL WASHINGTON
MS, 26, 5'5", 150 lbs. Into B&D,
S&M, WS, humiliation, Special interest in leather, chains and pain,
Want to serve/plesse a master; exlimits. Willing to get together others and experiment on n needs. Box 198.

WISCONSIN

WATERTOWN, S. Libra, 27, 6', more about different scenes as well as about yourself? If you are willing to learn and obey, I am willing to instruct, Box 173.

Prefer lasting relationships. I will answer all replies. Bill H., Box 383, Kenosha. WI 53141 S seeking Japanese college students

willing to exchange language lessons for sessions. Box 172.

MANITOWOC. SM. Aquarius. 28. 577" 150. White. 7". Novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 062K.

training 20—35, white, masculine, no. d'41/". 210. White, 6" Knowledge and Carlo St. 139. d'41/". 210. White, 6" Knowledge and Carlo St. 150. d'41/". 210. White, 6" Knowledge and Carlo St. 150. d'41/". 210. white, 6" cut, brown hair/blue eyes. intelligent partner 25-60. No fats. Hafey ridge, excycle cop into high 8xx 284V8.

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AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE/SOUTH AUSTRALIA MS, Taurus, 38, 6%", 5"10", 156 lbs., novice, digs leather, boots, bikes, needs to be gently but firmly insection of the second of

GOODLOOKING AUSTRALIAN guy, 37, 510" 155 lbs., white. Taurus, digs cycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, breeches, leather. A real cop or CHP a bonus, Must dig breeches and boots. Your photo gets mine. Box 120 (Please include oversess airmail postage with regiles to this ad.)

ADELAIDE/SOUTH AUSTRALIA MS, Aries, 36, slim, experienced and versatile with well-equipped slave room, would like to contact guys visiting Adelaide. Accommodations available, Box 194. (Include oversees airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

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MELBOURNE S, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., and M, 30, 5'10", 155 lbs., knowledgeable, into leather and wild 3-ways. Oral S&M, B/D, FF, WS, tits, smoke, etc. Fully equipped game room. Visiting USA June/July. Photo appreciated. Box 14, (Please include overseas air mail postage with replies to this ad).

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CANADIAN DISCIPLINARIAN seeks father/son relationship. Confused? Get straightened out! (604) 921-7721. Anytime.

SM, 39, 5'11", 6" uncut, inexpe enced but very willing to lear Into leather, levi and cowboy fan' sies. Am versatile and willing to sume either role with proper struction. Box 4910.

MONTREAL
S, 32, 6', dark hair, into heavy and
long sessions of S&M, pain, humiliation, bondage, cropping, catheters,
tit-cock-ball work; at home or in
public. Will cross, stretch, and expand but respect limits of willing
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TORONTO. M, 25, 150 lbs., 5'7", 6%", slave into anything but scat, Travel extensively in Canada and USA (both coasts). Special interests: FF, W/S, Leather, levis, S&M, B&D. Write with orders, Box 38.

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interesting men into leather, levis, uniforms and toys. Also want to portant, but no fems, fats, please. Box 134. (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this

WEST GERMANY, Brutaler Sadist. stiefel etc

COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6', white, 7" uncut, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, wear letter naturally. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no fems. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 121. [Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this

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PITTSBURGH, S, 43, 6', 180 lbs., semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls, 8 PITTSBURGH, S. 43, o. 180 tos, semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls, 8 years in USMC, into discipline, looking for masculine man, under 40, white, in leather or levis, who understands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fats, fems or heavy S&M, Box 83.

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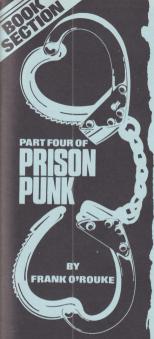
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ALSTEN OPER BASILEY PAYER



The death of Tillie the Toilet left a lot of the convicts angry and the properties of the properties o

One of her regular customers was a tall, Sioux who referred to her as "Iron laws." Now, these same men would have to catch as catch can, beat their meat, or try to bargain with lerry to use me. Many, in fact too damn many, chose the latter course For a time Chuck Lambert teetered between life and death

He eventually came out of it all right, but he was transferred to the Medical Facility at Vacaville for therapy, Before he left, about it later. Jerry had money transferred to Chuck's ac-... Jerry bought me, thus sealing my fate with him.

During this time there was an almost subtle change in Jerry's attitude toward me. Where in the past I had been nobut he still considered me a fuck machine, something to make him money and something to pour his never ceasing loads of

come into

Terry's boss went to the hospital with a heart attack shortly

"Jerry just told me to tell you to get up, take a shower

"Thanks." I murmured.

I stretched my sore body under the covers. I expected my ass to be sore, but, surprise, it wasn't. Jerry had had me in bondage the night before and after he had fucked me, he brought out a raw hotdog. After he had spread toothpaste all barely felt it when it went in but I became more and more aware of its existence as the toothpaste began to give off a burning sensation. My ass had been on fire, I twisted and turned in my bondage, hoping that I would dislodge the flaming spear that was searing my guts. My whole body broke out in sweat. I couldn't control my moaning so Jerry shoved a pair of sweaty socks in my mouth. After I thought that I could not bear the pain anymore, Jerry grabbed by hard cock in his hand and started to jack me off, using mentholated vaseline for lubricant. Now, it became a contest between my felt my balls draw up in their sac, a prelude to busting. As I came closer to getting off, my ass muscles, involuntarily, tightened which only aggravated the fire it contained. screamed through my gag, as I shot an incredible spurt of

"Hit the crapper and get rid of the hotdog." It took only one push from my rectal muscles to drop the

hotdog with a large plop into the toilet bowl. Very quickly the pain in my cock and ass abated. Afterwards Jerry ex-

I got out of bed, put on my levis, grabbed a towel and a short plastic hose from the back shelf which I used to give mydouched, I started washing off. The tiertender who had let

His body was very lean and as he turned to face me, my my life. I had never seen a prick which must have been fifteen inches long with a circumference the size of my wrist. The monstrous cockhead actually slapped against the tops of his

Jerry told me to tell you to fix me up,"

Jesus, I thought, what can I do with that thing, except

The lanky guy stepped under the shower with me, I couldn't help wanting to grab hold of his cock to assure myself it was real. I grabbed hold of it at its base and it felt heavy in my hand. The dude began caressing my body, running his

"DON'T TENSE UP ON ME. FUCKER, OR I WILL TEAR YOU APART. JUST RELAX, YOU CAN TAKE A HELL OF A LOT MORE THAN WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU.

hands down my back to the cheeks of my ass. Oh, fucking no,

would never be able to get my mouth around the gigantic

tongue over his average sized balls, but I kept my eves on the be able to get off. I shifted my hands to his legs and I could

It was then that I saw the most incredible sight of my life, The fleshy pipe began to take a life of its own, It began to abrading the cock head. The circumference was becoming so be an impossible weight. The dude began grunting and he let monster must have easily grown to eighteen inches. Leaning against the wall panting the tiertender's cock very rapidly lost its hardness. It could not have been fully erect more than

"Thanks, babe," the man said as he washed off quickly and

made me wear tight levis and tight shirts which left nothing to anyone's imagination, As I left the cellhouse, I saw Mr. Long

out of Four Building (the segregation-disciplinary unit), or glasses. The desk hid his form but his arms bulged in the denim shirt and it was all muscle I was sure,
"So this's your punk," said the man, the words coming out

"he drawled, "I can't see too much."

"Well,"
"Strip."

At first I used to blush when Chuck Lambert told me to take off my clothing, but I had now become accustomed to it since I was naked all of the time in the cell.

tion of a slave - my hands gripped together behind me with my head bowed. I could see the new guy get up from his seat. promise a great deal. He walked behind me and I felt cal-

asshole was completely exposed. Large fingers probed at the

he reached around to tweak my teats. I could feel the swelling crotch pressed against my backside. My own cock began to acquire a life of its own and start a slow uncontrollable rise

"Well let's do it!" line and a blanket. He spread the blanket on the linoleum

"O.K., asshole, get over here, Stand over me. No, mother-

I tried to take the huge cock slowly, but lerry was ready

Now, I saw the stranger, He was taller than Jerry, had a the fabric and he had to reach inside to set it free. A steel ness. It might have been a little longer than lerry's. The cir-

The new man knelt between our legs and took my legs,

"Don't tense up on me, fucker, or I will tear you apart. Just

usually dig that action, but not now. He slapped me along the side of my face. "Don't shame me fuckhead, loosen up that ass or I'll drive my fist up your ass to my armpit,

I felt the head force its way past the sphincter. The muscles up closer as more and more inches joined Jerry's cock in the warm sanctuary of my ass. In an unbelievably short time I

way up my ass. Talk about fulfillment! Now, each man began his own thrust. It felt like two pislerry began torturing my teats, twisting, squeezing and pulling

began to shoot my load, some of it hitting Jerry in the face, I

The guy got up and reached for this T-shirt to wipe his cock off, "No, Bob, let the asshole do it,"

suck it, but only when I'm ready. Get over there and clean

As I knelt over Jerry, licking the bit of cold dome from his

"Brother, you are missing a great bet here. He's tight as a virgin's cunt, but he's got great muscles. I could feel it while I was in him. With a bit of time, he could take your whole arm, man.'

Why the fuck didn't he drop the subject. Jerry had made no and just might influence him to try fisting me. I had asked to have seen guys take a fist, a forearm all the way up to the never be able to hold my guts in after that, if I was lucky enough to have guts after that assault. I had never revolted

Inwardly, I sighed a sigh of relief when Jerry made no com-

"Get into the shower and clean yourself. I've got a special

Heft the two men as they were lighting up cigarettes, pre-paratory to getting dressed. My asshole was sore from the abuse and I hoped the "customer" only wanted some head.

on the edge of the desk while Jerry sat in the desk chair with his legs stretched out before him. I stood before the two men, balls straight down, almost making me bend my knees to ease

Jerry paid no attention to what his friend was doing as he addressed me. "This afternoon's customer is special. You'll be sured me of that." Although the pain in my balls was getting almost unbearable and I tried to concentrate on what Jerry was telling me. I was also aware that my spent cock was com-

ing to life.

"This guy's important to me, so give him something he won't forget and will want more of. Understand?" Bob had be-

We went to lunch. I could see some of the undercover faggots eyeballing the two hunky dudes I was with. You could

"If lerry wanted you to know, he would have told you,

The 'us' caught my interest. What was going on between next to me with his hands thrust deeply in his pocket. He turned and looked at me. "You know I've got a feeling

for the vaseline. My ass was so sore from the double fucking. I

would not be able to see out by looking down my nose through the air hole. As Jerry fit a wide leather slave collar wore on him. My hard cock presented him with a slight problem which he immediately solved by forcing it to bend so it made its way through the ring. After he adjusted at the base of didn't know at the time that I would always wear that cock

ring as long as I was with Jerry.
"How big is the guy's cock." asked Bob.

"How the fuck would I know, I ain't never seen the dude

He must live in another cellhouse, I thought. There was a knock on the door leading out to the yard. Jerry left the "It's probably the trick, so you'd better get on your knees I knet on the cold linoleum, clasping my hands behind me and bowing my head as far as the wide slave collar would per mit me. I heard Jerry approach the door, murmuring to some one. Boh must have walked out because I heard the more though I sensed that the contract of the more though I sensed that someone was in here with me. My hear though I sensed that someone was in here with me. My hear the man of the more than the mean of the more man of the more than the

The clank of keys being placed on the desk shattered the quiet. This sound was followed by a muffled sigh. The chair creaked and I heard one shoe drop to the floor, then the other. Clothes were coming off. Quiet again filled the room. The first contact almost caused me to leap, because it was so unexpected. A hand had reached down and gently, almost

nesitantly, stroked my nard co

Soft hands directed my own arms to my side. Then my legs were positioned apart. Silence fell on the room again for a couple of minutes, I expected at any moment this peace would be broken by some violent action. Fingers began caressing my hooded head, then across the contours of my shoulders with just feathery wisps of feeling. Lightly, he busshed the hairs which encircled the corona of my hard, pointed teats. This was an entirely new sensation to me, It was driving me nuts.

now long was ne going to

down to the action, I puzzled, and down my stomach to my public hirt. Almost imprecipably, be stirred the brush, but did not touch my littling, crawing cock. Only the hair roots around my blast and my groin were aware of the passage of the tanks and the standard water and the puzzled of the tanks were at my legs in their crade, incompromising passage, hands were at my legs in their crade, incompromising passage, and the same than a second to the standard were at my legs in their crade, incompromising passage, buttooks. Surely this was his goal and he was planning to make has assault on that therefore zone. Anything would be better than it has assault on that therefore zone. Anything would be better than the second to the control of the standard passage and the same than the standard passage and the same than the same that the standard passage is the same than the same tha

He got closer and closer to my ass. I wanted to bend over and offer him my hot chamber, but I was too well trained by now to take any initiative on my own. For the first time I felt his hot breath in the crack of my ass, but no real effort was made to probe my hole. Do something, please, I mentally

and my cock dripping in full erection. At least he had stopped torturing me with those damn hand I knew that the had stopped of clothing filled the room and I knew that he was getting dressed. The last sound I heard before he walked out of the office was the raking of the keys long the surface of the desk.

I just stood there shaking, I felt the draft as the outside door was opened to let the guy out. Footsteps came into the

"Man what's wrong?" I recognized the muffled voice of

Jerry.
"Why he's shaking like a leaf and sweating like a pig,"
Hands removed the slave collar and quickly unlaced t

"I don't see no marks on you. What the fuck happened?"

with Bob.

Bob spoke up, "Either this guy is a novice, or he's one of the most sophisticated top men I've ever heard of, I've tried that seene but I lack the finesse or touch to bring it off. I

guess my bag is rough, raunchy sex.

"You know when I let him out the door, he told me that he wanted to have you again. He also gave me these." My master pulled three bottles of clear liquid from his pocket. I had no idea what they were but I could see Bob's eyes light

"How about trying one of them out. I've already got the punk greased up," said Bob as he started to unbutton his shirt.

While this each once had been going on my cock had begun

drooping, but it began to grow again in expectation of correcting the taunting of my earlier "customer,"

"Let's lay him across the top of the desk on his stomach

'hat way we can use both ends. I'll start in his mou

Without any prelude Bob rammed his cock to the hilt up my ass as Jerry jammed his prong down my throat. I would have loved at that point to have swallowed his cock, his balls and all of him. Then an aerid odor assailed my nostris. After a few moments Jerry pulled his cock out of my mouth and pressed the open bottle under my nose as he depressed one nostril. "Inhale deeply," he commanded. I obeyed his order and he switched the bottle to the other nostril.

Within seconds the hair on the nape of my neck seemed to rise, All my nerve endings came alive while my brain seemed to be centered in my cook, my balls, my ass and my total sexuality. In my mind these two men could do anything to me aid to meet Bob's drives which were also increasing in tempo and violence while Jerry seemed determined to reach farther and

They switched positions and now Bob whose cock was somewhat longer than Bob's was punishing my throat muscles. Another whilf of the liquid was thrust under my nose, I

into dimensions I had never experienced before

All three of us fell to the floor in a welter of arms and legs each dude kissing me while they kissed each other. I felt so damn contented. I was just too spent to try to puzzle out what they had given me to sniff which produced such a heightened sexual awareness. I wondered if lerry would vie me any

more, because I wished

Two weeks would chape before I had my next session with the mystery man. During that period a new dimension of sexu alty entered my life, it was something I would have to prostee siderable amount of cigarettes were unable to pay their debts. They were obviously frightened by the potential sidence that had staked around the chapel area, some were being keep to had staked around the chapel area, some were being keep to the property of the property of the property of the lost based of the property of the pro

One evening after we had had a particularly satisfying round of sex, Jerry and II lie side by side on my lower bunk both of us naked. "You know Tommie and Jack are neve going to pay me off," began Jerry. "I don't want to hurt those dudes but I can't let them get away with not paying me off, They'll go around mouthing off about me being a weak

veryone who owes me."

"What're you going to do, sir?"

"Well, you know we've been together for a long time now and you've given me a lot of pleasure, even though you stil have a lot to learn. I've been thinking about letting you us them."

"Yeah, use them as your slaves.

"They might balk at that."
"Tommie won't since he fucked around on Folsom Stream he was out as a weekend slave. And Jack's smart enous

when he was out as a weekend slave. And Jack's smart enoug to know that it's a lot fucking easier to get screwed instead of having a thir planted in him or having to look up in practed

tive custody."

I had never fucked a man before and although I loved getting cock and some of Jerry's customers had sucked me off, I wasn't sure that I could handle the more aggressive role.

My thoughts were interrupted by Jerry's gruff voice. "One thing, asshole, you don't give up any head or ass to these two. Understand?"

"Yes. sir."

"Dudes pay for that." One afternoon I was standing by the handball court, watch-

ing a game in play when Bob came up to me Jim, Jerry wants you over in his office right away."

I walked across the yard with Bob. I sighed in resignation, pecause I knew that Jerry and Bob were going to screw me or

lerry had a customer waiting. Jerry must have been watching through a crack in the door because the solid wooden door swung open just as we arrived.

The door to Jerry's office was closed. After closing the door, lerry turned to me, "lack's in the office waiting for you. We aren't going in with you because the dude may act kind of skittish with me and Bob watching, Leave the office door open so we can hear and if it gets too hairy we'll be right in."

I wanted to protest that I wasn't ready, but I knew that it wouldn't do me any good.
"Just put yourself in my place. Be firm with the motherfucker, don't let him bamboozle you, If you screw up, I'll

make you live to regret it. Now get your ass in there."

With a sigh of resignation, I opened the office door and stepped inside, leaving the door open behind me. I found lack sitting at the desk, smoking a cigarette, obviously very ner-vous. The front door made a slamming sound as if Bob and

lerry had left. lack was a weightlifter. In fact he refused various jobs so he could spend most of his time working out. His hair was cut in an outmoded crew cut. His features were clean and although he was a bit shorter than I he outweighed me by ten or more

pounds - all muscle,

Taking a deep mental sigh, I spoke for the first time. "Douse that cigarette asshole and get on your feet, Anger flared in lack's eyes and I thought, Oh, shit, I've

done it now, but I refused to stop, probably because I knew that Bob and Jerry were just outside the door. "You hard of hearing, motherfucker, kill the butt and get on your feet.

lack most have realized that the slamming door was just a ploy and my master and his buddy were lurking just outside of the door. He shook his shoulders in resignation, put out the cigarette and got to his feet.

'Now, strip off buck naked,"

Unhesitantly, Jack began to remove his clothing, his narcissism coming into play. As I searched the cabinet for things to use, I saw him looking at me to see what reaction his body was evoking from me. The shoes and socks went first, followed by the shirt. The removal of the latter brought into view a finely chiseled, highly developed chest and arms. The chest was comment. Like a fucking strip teaser, he slowly opened his belt and unbuttoned his fly. I could see that he was wearing boxer shorts underneath. The pants fell from his narrow waist and hips to the floor. I found some leather cuffs that we had used in the cell the night before with a variety of chains and a bottle of amyl. I knew that before I was through this dude was going to need the amyl

As I stood, I realized that I had a raging hard on, I didn't say anything about the fact that he had made no effort to

drop his shorts.

I strapped the cuffs to his wrist, but not without a bit of lip from lack. "What the fuck's this for?"

"Don't argue, just let me do my thing." After I had buckled them on, I swung them behind him and quickly fastened them together with a small chain. Standing at his side, I wrapped and buckled a slave collar around his thick neck, making sure that the collar's metal ring was centered behind him. Strictly on a guess basis, I grabbed another chain and stood behind Jack. Pretending to adjust the cuffs and moving his arms up and down to see if he was all right, I quietly clipped one end of the chain to the slave collar with one hand while I continued to flex his elbows. Bringing his arms way up his back, I

clipped the other end of the chain, Now, I had him.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing," Jack asked as he whirled around, I was ready for him and I knew that even though he was tied up his legs could be dangerous, so as he turned I kneed him in the groin which caused him to scream

and fall to the floor with his legs drawn up.
"We are going to do this easy or hard, It's all up to you. I let him lie there as I got undressed. As I dropped my levis, his moaning had stopped. I reached over to Jack's pants and removed a wide leather belt, doubling it I slammed it against

his upturned ass, "You've guessed by now that Bob and Jerry are outside. Do you want to make it a four way, or do you want to settle for me?"

He didn't answer me, so I whacked him again, this time across his back. "Answer me.

"Yeah, yeah. Just don't hit me anymore, man."
"Yeah, what?"

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"When you talk to me, punk, you call me 'sir' or 'master." Now let's hear it.

"Yes, sir, "Good. You're learning. Get on your feet." I reached down and helped him up, Behind the books on a shelf, I found a gut

slitter, a knife of about eight inches in length with a sharp point and a sharper edge When lack spotted the knife, he started copping aces and deuces. "Please, sir, please, master. I'll do anything you say.

A nervous sweat broke out on his face while his handsome countenance was contorted with real fear Grabbing the eleastic band of his undershorts with one

hand. I cut the hand with the knife in my right hand. Then, ripped the shorts from his body. He stood naked in front of me with his cock and balls shrunken in real fear of what might

Laving the knife on a shelf by my side within easy reach, I ran my hands over his naked body. Moistening my finger tips with my tongue I rubbed them over his tits, trying to tease them to a point. As the point emerged slowly within the surrounding corona. As they came to a point, I tweaked them with my finger tips, pulling and twisting them while lack tried to pull away from me as he winced in pain, I rubbed the palm of my hand over his washboard stomach. The skin was so thin I could feel nothing but the hard muscles under the surface. I ran my fingers through the lush vegetation of his pubic hair. I grabbed his cock in my hand and stroked it gently. Within a few moments it grew harder in my teasing gentle hand. A groan of ecstasy came from Jack's lips, suck it." I grabbed his balls, twisting and squeezing them, which caused Jack to scream out in pain.

You're here to give me pleasure, asshole." I said as I twisted his balls, lending emphasis to my words.

Leaning against the shelf where I had laid the belt and knife. I forced lack to his knees in front of me. My cock was erect and demanding attention. Pre-cum was forming on the head and I was determined that none of it would be wasted. "Stick out your tongue and lick the come from my cock-

lack made no move to comply with my command, so I grabbed the belt and laid it across his back, Still he refused to obey me, so I shoved his head to the floor, placing my foot on the slave collar to hold him in position. His white hairless ass offered itself to my belt and I guess I took out my frustration and anger because I began to beat it hard. Crisscross patterns of red and blue were beginning to appear. Jack pleaded and screamed at me; his curses turned to "Master"... this and "Master"... that, but I paid no attention to him because I me; his curses turned to "Master" . . . this and . that, but I paid no attention to him because I was enjoying the beating. In fact I felt myself being carried

Pulling lack back to his knees, I saw the tears coursing down his cheeks. I think if he had been free at that moment he would have gladly killed me. Yet, I could see in his eyes a strange light that made me wonder if I might not have touched a dark recess of his mind of which he was not even aware, Surprisingly, his cock was hard and this sort of lent confirma-

"Now, are you ready to act right?"
"Yes, sir." His tongue flicked out and caught some of the pre-cum that was drooling from my cock, I slapped him in the





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face, pushing him away from my cock. "You suck when I tell you. You only do what I tell you and you don't give me

any shit when I tell you to do something.

"You ever sucked a cock before?"
"Fuck no," he retorted, only incidentally remembering to add "sir

"Well, you're about to If I feel your fucking teeth, I'm really going to beat your ass and if you try to bite me I slit

your throat from ear to ear. You understand:
"Yes, sir," he whispered.

"Now, run your tongue all over the head, get it good and wet. Open your mouth and start sucking on the shaft. As you come up off of the shaft put all the pressure you can on it without letting me feel your teeth." Christ, he's good, I thought, as the hot mouth took more and more of my cock belt on the shelf and grabbed his head in my two hands beginning to fuck his face. I pulled his head against my groin and I brought it out and drove it in again, holding it down in his throat. I knew that he was starving for air so I released him and fucked his mouth furiously. As my balls began to boil. I decided to try out his asshole. I pulled free from his satisfying mouth and jerked him to his feet, I was in a state of frenzy. I shoved him over to the edge of the desk, grabbing the belt and amyl. Furiously, I shoved him over the edge. "Please, sir, don't beat me again,

I didn't even bother to respond. I reached into one of the side drawers and found a small jar of vaseline and scooped out a handful and greased my throbbing cock, I knew if I massaged it very long it would burst in my hand, so I grabbed the chain between his wrists to keep him in position and felt for his asshole. It was then that Jack realized what was going to happen. "No. No." His voice grew in panic. "Ain't no one going to fuck me. I'll suck you off, but not my ass."

Without any thought ! grabbed the belt and started whipping an already red ass. I laid each stroke on harder and harder

until Jack begged me to stop that he'd do anything I wanted. Without a pause I dropped the belt, positioned my cock and began pushing it into the tight hole. The head finally broke through the sphincter, "Take it out. Please take it out.

It's tearing me up. I can't take it." "Shut your fucking mouth and take it like a man. If you

relax your muscles it'll start getting good to you."
"Please, sir, I can't take it." Sobs were erupting from his lips as I felt the shaft work its way into the tight hole. Finally, I had it all in, my groin came into contact with the still hot cheeks of his ass and I laid across his body savoring the thrill of having my cock all the way up his ass and the sensuous warmth of the hole and the cheeks of his ass, I unscrewed the bottle of amyl and shoved it under his nose, "Take a deep whiff. It'll make it more enjoyable for you," Jack sniffed hard at the bottle until I removed it from his nose and transferred it. I began to take long strokes and I could feel that the muscles were beginning to lose their tension. Man, I thought, cockhead begin to swell in preparation to busting my nuts. I grabbed his hips in my hands and drove harder and more furiously, only evoking a grunt each time I drove the shaft into the hot hole. My legs shook and the muscles in my ass quivered as I felt my load begin its ultimate goal of filling lack's ass. Burst after burst filled his ass and I could swear at the end as I tried to catch my breath as my cock grew softer in his asshole. I pulled out and stood back from my victim. Using his tattered shorts, I wiped off my greasy, shit stained cock. got quickly dressed while Jack slowly eased himself up from the desk. I removed his restraints and merely told him to get dressed. He never said a word, or even looked at me. I was too spent to try to have an after-sex conversation. Now that he was free, I wanted him out of there as quickly as possible. He dressed, shoving the torn shorts into his back pocket, and left the room.

I went out of the office to find Bob and Jerry and it was only then that I discovered that they must indeed have left and gone to the vard when I heard the door slam before lack

and I got started.

DRUMMER VISITS THE MOTELLAND

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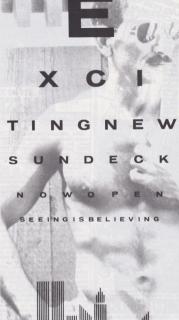
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AFTERMIDNIGHT. Michael Grumlev, Scribner's, \$8,95.

After Midnight, the hard lines of society blur; the artist finds privacy and quiet, the economic needs of a family force people into moonlighting, the hustlers and the prostitutes hit the streets, the topsy-turvey world of Las

Vegas continues its inverted cycle, Michael Grumley, author of Hard Corps, continues his look at the dark side of America with this new volume of interviews and vignettes. It's a fine work of an author who has a proven ability to see into all aspects of life that deviate from the Protestant ethic. This isn't jerk off material, but you'll enjoy the writing and the realistic portrayal of the hard, masculine world of the night people.

SLAVE TRADE. Herbert Dold. Arbor.

The title and plot of Slave Trade are enough to make you run for the bedroom in anticipation of one of the hottest i/o sessions of your life, Sorry, It's a good book, but not for that reason,

Sid Kasdan is a broken down, unlicensed private eye whose wife has just left him. Living in their Bernal Heights section of San Francisco in a house that enslaves him in memories and is the witness to his inability to cope, Sid is suddenly given an assignment that will pay more money than he ever dared hope. But the assignment has its problems: Sid is to transport young Haitian boys to American and European buyers.

The boys have been trained in a special school in Port-au-Prince; they have jumped at this chance to escape the brutal poverty of Haiti. They know where they're going and why. "Slaves" yes: but

willing ones. A little too willing for Sid. In a fit of desperation over his own olight and his own guilt, he goes back to Las Vegas where he had dropped off one of the most attractive of the boys and kidnaps him into "freedom." The young man has no illusions though: "Does a

friend lead me . . . without telling me what he wants from my risk? Ah, you take risk, too. But for some reason it pleases you. I come along like your slave, Meester Kasdan, I just come along with you because you please to trade me for something else you want,

This novel is a philosophical look at the give and take of freedom, and the kinds of slavery that a materialistic society places on men who would try to

THE MAN EVERYBODY WAS AF-RAID OF, and SKINFLICKS. Joseph Hansen, Rineholt Suspense Novels, Holt,

Someday, I hope, American gay men are going to wake up and go out to buy a book that doesn't have a thing to do with going to go out and try to find a book by an author who understands what happens in their day to day life - not in the Pines or in SoHo lofts, When they do,

they're going to find David Brandstetter waiting for them. Brandstetter is the hero of Joseph Hansen's five detective novels. He's a private eve who worked for an insurance company as a claims investigator until his father died, and his employer wasn't

willing to have a faggot on the payroll. It had been okay while the old man was alive, he just happened to have owned the company, though,

Brandstetter is a man in the tradition of California private eyes; the London Times says he's the only spiritual descendent of Dashiel Hammet worth the name. Always on the look out to do right and to get laid, Brandstetter deals daily with the double sets of values that America tries to get away with: the religious fanatic who likes pictures of little, little girls; the up-holder of law and order who just happens to have a very lucrative smuggling operation on the side. Brandstetter can't stand double dealing, and he lets no one get away

The Man Everybody Was Afraid Of is the current title available in this series. David has to come to the rescue of a gay activist who's charged with the murder of a Chief Davis like character. Of course he does. And, of course, he gets laid -

Skinflicks is coming out August/

September, Look for it. Dave gets a chance to deal with religious nuts - and to get laid, tastefully. Anita Bryant may she obviously provided the inspiration for this book which lavs bare the hypocrisy of the right wing church establishment, These are fine detective novels,

They're also fine, fine books. There's excitement, adventure, intrigue and some of the best and most sensitive descriptions of gay life - its problems and its victories - that have been written to date. Give yourself over to a couple nights with David Brandstetter; you'll enjoy his masculine company.

- John Preston



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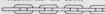


The RURALS MC and INTERCHAIN would like to thank everyone who has made our trip to America such a wonderful success and which

has given us a lasting memory.

Thanks to our New York friends: OSSI Guest
House, Mineshaft, Artie, Stan, Frank, Nino and
all our Interchain brothers in the United States;
Thanks to our San Francisco friends: all the
motorcycle clubs, the Federal Hotel and Alexis;
Thanks to our Los Angeles friends: all the
Southern California clubs, Pot Sovino and the
Corel Sands Motel. all the bars in Hollywood.
West Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley,
And our very special thanks to Marc and
Bill of Boots, without whom none of this
would have hoppened.

On behalf of all of our members, WILLIAM, LEO and DENNIS



INTERCHAIN













TOUGH SHIT!

HOW RELAXED CAN

Simi Valley in LA is the bedroom community housing for most of the LAPD cops and their blonde beehived wives who all sell a little

Now Simi Valley has a new house for sale since a Navy officer and his wife may have been the first Americans to slowly cook to death in an overheated but tub

Obviously, missionary sex leads to harder stuff like missionary

stew.

Medical sources said there had been no previous reports of such deaths in hot tubs that are spread-

the nation.

The science editor of the American Medical Association News,
Frank Chapel, said he had never
heard of deaths caused by hot tubs

The steamy Simi Valley couple had simmered in their crock pot hot tub in water over 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Both, the modest will be comforted, were wearing bathing suits. One hopes they were of stretch material as it took the

stretch material as it took tr next-door neighbors over a day 1 find out if the couple had become soup yet.

The deputy coroner said the the couple apparently relaxed

the couple apparently relaxed in the spa, fell asleep, passed into comas, and died of hyperpyrexiasimilar to the cause of death i persons who suffer sunstroke an who are then used as balloon float in the Macy's Parade.

The woman involved was not the Simi Valley lady who last year puter freshly bathed poodle to dry just for a couple of minutes — i

the microwave.

The poodle exploded.

Simi Valley is a strange part of LA. They do things differently room stepped back from the death chair and a black hooded executioner threw the switch, that sent the first jolt of electricity at 10:12

The first surge singed the skin on his right calf, sending smoke into the death chamber. He clenched his left first, then his hands began to curl and blacken. Spenkelink received two more jolts of electricity. State Rep. Andy Johnson of Jacksonville, one of 12 official witnesses who watched the execu-

State Rep. Anny Johnson of Jacksonville, one of 12 Official witnesses who watched the execution along with reporters through a glass window, said: There is a like the said of the said of

He had been condemned for killing a fellow drifter with a criminal record, Joseph Syrmankiewicz, in a Tallahassee motel room in 1973. Spenkelink, a fugitive from California prison at the time, had picked up his victim as a hitchiher and claimed he killed him after Syrmankiewicz forced him after Syrmankiewicz to a horozecued acc, robbed him, Roulette. Broulette Min to play Kusslan Roulette.

INSIDE SAN QUENTIN

"Ain't nobody gets rehabilitated here" is immates motto at the California high-security prison. Documentary about life behind its bars, as seen by immates, guards and warden, was filmed during one of the prison's more violent periods, when three murders a week was the average. June 25th at 9:30, Channel 9/KQED/S.F.

ELECTRIC LEATHER BONDAGE EXECUTION

STARKE, FLA. — Convicted murderer, John Spenkelink was put to death in Florida's oak electric chair clenching his left fist as 2,250 volts of electricity shot through his body.

through his body.
Spenkelink, 30, whose death
warrant was signed by Florida Gov.
Bob Graham, was executed in a
drab beige death chamber measuring about 12 by 20 feet, at the

The execution, which was to have begun promptly at 10 a.m., was inexplicably delayed until 10:11, when the venetian blinds separating official and media witnesses from the electric chair were opened, showing Spenkellik already strapped in the huge death chair.

chair.

He was wearing a white gown rolled up at the sleeves and blue pants. A towel was placed under

his chin.

A leather harness was placed around his head, over his chin, arms and chest. His legs and ankles were secured to the chair with wide

He was fastened so securely in the head harness that he could not open his mouth and stared impassively at the 32 persons who witnessed the execution on the other side of the plass partition.

About a minute after the blinds were drawn so that the 32 could witness execution, a black hood was lowered over Spenkelink's face. Several attendants inside the death

BLOODY MARYS AT

SAN FRANCISCO — In a long night of looting, burning and chants for vengeance, more than five thousand demonstrators, many of them gay, rampaged through Civic Center and nearby neighborhoods kin a violent protest of the manslaughter verdict against sex op Dan White who killed 5F Mayor

Moscone and gay SF Supervisor Harvey Milk.

It began as a quiet march of shocked and grieved gays from Castro and Market Street at about 7 p.m. But the mood quickly became disorganized and chaotic as demonstrators arrived at City Hall

and night fell.

For four hours, Civic Center Plaza waz a virtual battfellel, lit by the eerie, smoky, fires of trash barrels. Waves of police, dressed into gaz and swingin, batons, tried again and sugain on district again and sugain of the segon City Hall and out of the plaza where four huming cop cars went up in outraged flames.

They finally succeeded shortly dater midnight, driving bands of

where the police made very blood Marys at the Elephant Walk. Cops can twirl batons on patron under a table faster than the mos flaming queen can twirl a college

marching band up his butt.
Guess whose mad as hell and not going to take it anymore?



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porary genre.
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Editor



Hang around slave, heavy tit work, total 8&D. Need complete discipline by rugged leather, bearded master who will make me worship, beg and grovel at his feet. Kinky scenes, shaving etc. Let's get together. PLEASE, SIRI KEN (301) 760-1151 M—F 9—3, DRUMMER 74



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Slave Danny, a bartender at L.A.'s JOCKS TRAP, shows his shaved stuff for any wandering Masters that might want to drop in and twink his tit.



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DRUMMER 75

LETTERS

CANADIAN CAPERS I am not writing to tell you about the political status of the group I represent has received up here. Vancouver, on the whole, is a very sexually conservative tant horror and water sports is water skiing and other innocent pasttimes, (Actually, all this is far from being without disadvantage; the worst that can happen here is not being tied up and branded, but having the partner fall asleep!)

I had thought that when the issues of Drummer started arriving the cries of "pervert" and "deviate" from my gay

Ouite the reverse happened. Even the most conservative gays have labelled Drummer as "interesting" or "different" rather than some other less neutral campus as well. Canada has heavy censorship of magazines. British Columbia has Vancouver's mayor and city council want all "pornography" (including such tame items as Playboy) out of the city. As a result, Drummer is not available here. Neither is any publication that shows either of the two great Canadian no-nos: an erect penis or two men in direct contact. If one goes to a porno movie here one quickly learns that straights make love by lying on top of each other and gays don't exist. The only way to obtain Drummer is by first class mail, which offer exchange costs \$50 p.a., outside the range of most people.

I trust that Drummer shall continue to be of the same calibre and that I won't

I would send you a picture of myself but I'm not sure that a Japanese motorcycle that sounds like a sewing machine (but out-accelerates any German or American machine) is macho enough,

Vancouver, B.C. INITIATIONS - ALIVE & WELL

Every year - thousands of young studs undergo initiations - into fraternities, athletic clubs, neighborhood gangs, and even Volunteer Fireman houses. Since the members are sworn to silence there are few pictures and no stories in the school year book or student newspaper - but many of the ceremonies are like a Rex booklet.

A few years ago, I was an associate instructor at a small Junior College in Montana. As student advisor I had a first hand look at the annual A Club

If any of the students were gay - it was well hidden - most were cowboy and high-schools - main interests are -

Drinking - Fucking - and Hunting. The 22 pledges were the top athletes on campus - if they became members, they could wear the A Club sweater and in that small town - that sweater was the key to a fabulous sex life with

There is a decided method in the Initiation procedure - it was to make all these vigorous studs agree to anything

that was ordered

After weeks of washing cars - shining boots and other chores - no one would drop out of Hell Week for then all the quitter would be a laughing stock.

On the 1st night of Hell Week - the pledges were taken two at a time - naked and blindfolded - into the gym - where they had to convince the student jury that they really wanted to join the Club - to prove their obedience - each pledge was ordered to shave off half — only half

of his beard and mustache - and so they did to the great amusement of the

Afterwards, they were all told to assume the position — and given a really vigorous paddling — every face was beet red, with most eyes running tears - all

No pledge was allowed to miss any classes during the week - but every night they had to report to the gym, where a nightly lottery was held - each pledge becoming the slave for that evening to one of the Club members - some were balls and dicks was routine.

One night - Tobasco Sauce was cooling for about 30 minutes - then the and the howls and curses could be heard so far away - that to prevent any outsiders coming in to investigate - the

loudest groaners were gagged. Saturday was Hell Day — the 6 team captains were ordered to report early for "special treatment" - the other pledges were to report that afternoon with their paddles tied around their necks, a green nail polish on their fingernails and toenails.

All through this Hell Week many pledges threatened to quit - all complained when every night the 4 guys with the biggest dicks were brutally paddled on their burning butts by the same Club members - But no one quit - all stayed on - and most figured that the worst was over - only one night left.

Stripped of everything, except the paddle hanging around their necks their wrists tied behind their backs with boot laces - the pledges were ordered to sing the school fight song as they faced the gym wall.

When they were given the order to "about face" - I wish that I had a camera to record the looks of Total Shock and Stunned Surprise.

For standing in front of them were the 6 Team Captains - shaved totally hairless from head to toe - with the school ranch hand types, just out of the local colors - green & gold - painted in stripes on their shaved heads and each ball also

a different school color,

The captains were grinning at the other pledges - who - after the first shock - were howling with laughter but many were also trying to pull off their wrist bonds - when it looked like one football player might succeed - a pair of handcuffs were snapped on his wrists - after that - the pledges could only wait for whatever was to come but most were obviously panicky - as a few had pony tail hair - but all had well styled hair, with long side-burns - all spent a lot of time in front of a mirror

with a blow dryer and brush, before leaving for a date - even the Cowbovs had longish hair — no one had a crew cut.

Then the paddles were removed from their necks and each pledge was made to push a tomato with his nose down a long corridor - as his ass was given a blister-

When all were in the locker room they were told to stand in what looked like a boxing ring, lined with a lumpy blue rug - this was their final test -In front of the ring were 6 cakes of

ice - behind each ice block was one of the hairless team captains - with a battery powered hair clipper

The 16 pledges standing in the ring were told that the last man to leave the ring would keep his hair - that the first 8 sit on the ice as their heads were shaved bald - also all their pubic hair would be clipped clean - that the next 4 pledges to leave the ring would be given Mohawk haircuts as they sat on the ice, but only their balls would then he shaved - they could keep the rest of their pubic hair and the next 3 to leave would keen all their pubic hair, but be given any type of haircut that the barbers would decide the school letters being a favorite design - the survivor would keep all his hair.

As the confused pledges heard this warning - the current in the Electric

Once again - only a camera could show the surprised expressions on the faces of the pledges - they yelled and cursed as they danced on the electric rug - in a few minutes - 3 of them either jumped out or were pushed out of the

The current was shut off so all could enjoy the sight of the 3, one of whom was the football player with the handcuffed wrists, being dragged to the ice blocks - as the laughing barbers turned the 3 heads into hairless melons - it took balls and dick were shaved.

And so it went - till only 1 guy was left - he was on the Swim team - and never wore shoes at home - his soles

were as tough as leather.

As the pledges were being shaved -their bonds were cut off - and beer was their throats - as now they were A CLUB MEMBERS they had passed the Initiation - and were now welcomed as

A few nights later, at a banquet, the new members received their Sweaters and all apparently felt that it was worth

About a week later - the Swimmer who had kept his hair, went out for a drinking party with friends who had lost theirs - and when he woke up the next morning with a super hangover - his hair was piled on the desk - for Montana cowboys believe in equality.

Within a few weeks - the hair was growing back fast on the shaved heads the new A Sweater men were fucking some new girls - the hunting season opened up - and not much at all was said

I went on to another school to teach but I hear that the A Club is still active -

This is only one small school - but these scenes are repeated thousands of times in colleges and highschools - but rarely talked about.

Last year, I was at the Univ. of Nevada in Reno - and was assured by a student leader that there was no hazing or initiations of any sort at the school - I mentioned that some schools still had such customs, especially with the sports teams - to which the student said that of course the college Baseball Team still had its initiation - his roommate was on the team - and a few weeks before had returned with his head shaved baby-ass smooth - and he and his shorn teammates then had to run down a hill near the Sorority Houses, wearing only sneakers - as his team-mates blew their car view - And so it goes at nearly every school - but unless you probe into it

no one will admit that initiations still Suggestion: Let your readers write in as to what schools still have initiations and hazings including the time of year, and if they can be seen - some have them quite

Others are in secret - or at least not

One of the Southwest colleges had and maybe still has a Paddle Club - where the public can go for meals - but where any an older member. Often, when a pledge would bring in his parents or girlfriend, he would be asked to assume the position and before the eyes of his guests - be paddled - if any of your readers knows

where this club is — please print it.

This letter is far too long — but it's all true — and the subject of initiations is a genuine Turn-On for anyone who reads your excellent magazine.

Great Falls, Montana

SUGGESTION BOX-I have been reading your magazine for

several months now and would like to give you my reactions and suggestions.

First of all, I agree completely with
Hans of SF that handcuffs would add much to many of your photos and articles. They are such an integral part of for the M. How about more photos using

Could you publish your requirements I would like to try writing, either fic-

specifics. Your photos, models and fictional sections are generally good. I have only including bondage are just not realistic It looks like the M could get free without difficulty. Mine don't - why do yours

Are you allowed to show 14-20 yearolds in bondage, even if they are clothed? Are you allowed to show people in bon-dage being involved in REAL sex, or is

How about some comic strips a la Harry Chess but with photos of real people? Love the drawings in No. 27 pages

33 and 35. But why must they always be drawings? I'll continue to buy your mag, but

gestions adopted or explained Mean-

Lebanon, PA

WHAT A PAYNE

I read "Obedience School," the excerpt from Robert Payne's Care and you tell me the publisher and address where I may purchase it. Also, please I think Robert Payne is a great writer

and would like to buy his book. Thank

PRISON PEN-PAI

I'm writing you in request for Pen Pals. Please allow me to explain myself and the situation I'm in. I was sentenced to prison Aug. 26, 1971. During my stay from my incarcertaion, a person never enced it. Loneliness is very unbearable when you do not have any communica-tion with the outside world. I would appreciate a letter from anyone who will

write. It would certainly bring sunshine and happiness into my lonely life, Let me thank you for taking your most precious valuable time to read my letter. Any

Age 37, 6½ ft. tall, 170 lbs. Race -Black. Nice build, solid muscular, hair: black, long afro, eyes: light brown,

> No. 133018 C.C.I. 15802 State Route 104 P.O. Boy 5500

TWO SQUIDS TO GO HOLD THE MAYO!

I've been readiing and enjoying your magazine for quite a while and get off it. Here's something I discovered

When making a dish with squid take a large body (removing inners, spine, etc.) stiff cock starts to wear away the membranes on the inside. For an extra hot session, put several

drops of Tabasco into the sheath. The possibilities are left to others - duos are Afterwards you throw the squid into

your cooking pot and serve it to your Ripe plums (large kind), papyas and

mangos are good lubricants and make great rimming

UP YOURS TIGER

I have for the first time read your magazine issue number 26, I have found

I train circus animals for performing and travel the U.S. each year, I intend to purchase Drummer re-

I M.C.





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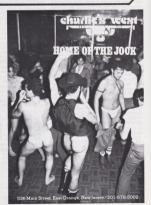


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go on vacation, most men into leather and heavy sex limit ourselves to cities: Who wouldn't want to spend their time in San Francisco or New York? The other option seems to be to plan your trip around an understanding that you'll probably have to leave your leather at

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Provincetown isn't always cheap, what resort is? But, it certainly is reasonable. To get there, you have to have a car and drive to the end of Cape Cod - add three hours to your estimate of a drive to Boston, Or you can fly, Provincetownmost cities; make sure you request it from your travel agent. For schedules and information, the Provincetown-Boston Airline number is 617/487-0240. Almost every guesthouse will meet plane if you tell them your arrival time. Otherwise, the pilot will order you a cab during your flight over. (P-B Airline flies

You can get to P-town by bus from Boston, New York or Providence, You can get schedule information by calling

There is also a boat - a pretty, but hardly convenient way to get there, It'll be loaded with straight tourists, but if that's your pleasure; the Provincetown Cruise Ship leaves Boston's Long Wharf and arrives at 6:45, Call 617/487-1741

The Provincetown Business Guild, an organization of businesses which deal most with the gay tourists, has a brochure available for the asking. Write them at Box 421, Provincetown, MA 02657 or

Almost any of the businesses in P-

town welcome the leather trade. With surprisingly open arms. But, there are, of course, those places we know about that are even more willing to identify themselves with the special needs of the Drummer reader:

GUESTHOUSES

The usual arrangement for a stay in P-town is to rent a room in a guesthouse.

PROVINCETOWN PHUNKY PROVINCETOWN PHUNKY PROVINCETOWN PROVINCETOWN PHUNKY PROVINCETOWN PHUNKY PROVINCETOWN





The place is full of them, [There are the hotels, like the Dunes Motel, Bradford Street Extension (617/487-1956) where you can get a room and bath and all the work of the street in the street of the street in the street of the street in the street of the

The Captain and His Ship, 164 Commercial St., 617/487-9794. A very pretty house owned and operated by a gay man and his lover; the man just was elected to the Provincetown Board of Selectman, by the way.

Fisherman's Cove, 145-7 Commercial St., 617/487-1997. Has apartments for rent as well as a few rooms

rent as well as a few rooms.

Haven House, 12 Carver Street, 617/
487-3031. One of the friendliest guest-houses, It is also one of the few with a

Heritage House, 7 Center St., 617/ 487-3692. A new guesthouse that is making an all out effort to attract a lea-

Sea Drift Inn, 80 Bradford St., 617/ 487-3686. The leather guesthouse, famous among members of East Coast bikeclubs. This one, as are most of the others, is always booked in advance. Never, ever, arrive in Ptown without a reservation. Especially on a holiday weekend. George's Inn, 9 Court Street, (617) 487-9005 is a coxy, convenient guesthouse with a Congenial staff, Not hardbouse with a Congenial staff, Not hard-

(All these guesthouses are year round businesses. If they're booked up, the owners will be glad to help you find another place to stay.)

RESTAURANTS

Food is one of the delights of a visit to Provincetown. If you're into seafood. get ready for a real treat. This place is an actual, honest-to-God fishing port, You'll be in nirvana, To those of you who are from outside New England, fried clams may sound something less than aphave them here. There are also many Italian, Portuguese and French/Contithe proprietor of your guesthouse. He'll most guesthouses, in fact, keep a copy of menus of the town's eateries in their the type and price of food you want. (One of the rules of running a guesthouse in P-town is that you must keep to return. The recommendations you get are very likely to be on target.)

Still, there are some places that we can recommend after having tried them ourselves:

The Clambake, 247 Commercial St. Excellent, reasonable food with an accent

DRUMMER 80

on seafood and possibly the best fried

clams on Cape Cod.

The Hideaway, 229 Commercial St.
There probably isn't a real "leather" restaurant in Provincetown, but the two gay women who own the Hideaway make this one of the most comfortable places if you want to wear full leather to dinner. They're very careful about their help and they read Drummer just to keep up (You must make a reservation here.)

Ocean's Inn, 386 Commercial St., adds a touch of elegance, if you're into it, to Cape dining. Very theatrical. And very, very good.

BRUNCH

We seem to have turned this into our own special meal. And it works especially well in a summer resort where neonle thrive on brunch before the beach and dinner late at night. All three of the already mentioned places have fine brunches: here are some other recommenda-

Cafe Edwige, 333 Commercial Street. Very popular. Get there early.

Poor Richard's Buttery, 432 Commer-cial St., has an outpost in Key West. Post Office Cafe and Restaurant. 303 Commercial St., for quick, but good and large meals.

BARS There are more gay bars in Provincetown during the summer months than there are in Boston. We couldn't list them all here, but why bother, you're probably

Atlantic House, 4-6 Masonic Place. This is the granddaddy of them all. There are three bars in the complex: a disco. a little bar with fireplace and one of the best jukeboxes on the East Coast, and the Macho Room - the name says it all

The Cellar, in the Crown and Anchor Motor Inn, 247 Commercial Street. This is a new effort to create a heavy leather bar in a complex that includes the only gay bar open all year round - the Backroom

REACHES

The whole coastline of Cape Cod is a beach, ocean or bay-side. But, The beach, is Herring Cove. Anyone can tell you how to get there. It's a long walk, an easy ride, from the village. Herring Cove provides you with one of the most interesting miniatures of society you'll ever want to see: at the parking lot, if you turn right, you go into Straightland, overrun with families with children, to the left, you have to walk through a forest of lesbians before you start seeing groups of gay men. As you continue, the men become bigger, butcher and more interesting. You start with them in groups in bathing suits, start finding them single, then they've gotten down to jockstraps after a while, then nude, then nude with cock rings, and then - then you've arrived at the dunes. Vast stretches of wastelands stretch out from the end of the beach. If you thought that park sex was hot in your home town, you've never seen anything like the sex that the leather clad, sweat soaked men get into in the sand.























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There were some bad news reports coming out of Provincetown last year, hysterical news about busts. Bullshit. There was one occasion when the State Police did bust a local gay bar that had pushed the Yankee sensibilities too far by opening a back room. (It may be the only time in history that someone was actually charged with: "Assault and battery with a

deadly weapon: A Black Leather belt").
In the dunes, the National Seashore Rangers (very hot men) may ask you to "move along," but basically, they patrol very infrequently and their new boss has ordered them to stop giving out citations

for nude sunbathing,

One of the hottest of the many gayowned businesses in P-town is George Powers' Designer Dock at 344 Commercial St. You must make it a stop on your trip to the Cape. You'll find gold and silver goods a cut above the quality you're used to.

One of the special attractions in the store is a series of finely detailed models of motorcycles done in solid sterling

(not silverplate).

The large one stands about four inches, and makes up for its height with a whopping \$1850.00 price tag. The smaller models are a more reasonable \$65.00. All are exclusive imports from Italy and represent well-known manufactures' cycles. (Here, the large model is a Moto Guzzi: the smaller ones are Harlevs.)

George also has a selection of erotic silverwork that he would be delighted

to show to Drummer readers!
In town, the atmosphere of the bars
and a few friendly words from your
guesthouse proprietor will tell you the
limits of acceptable behavior. Essentially,
it's the more freed-up then any big Eastern city, except New York.

Your guesthouse, by the way, at least those we've mentioned, will not be in the least concerned if you trick in. If your trick ends up staying for too long they'll tell you before it gets to be a problem.

The drinking age in Massachusetts is now 20. Watch out. This is one place where the state and local police won't give an inch: do not buy booze if you're a minor or for someone who might be a

The local police have one other area that they've been harsh about: Do not smoke dope on the town streets. In your guesthouse, on the beach, fine, But not in a bar or on the street. For some reason it's become an issue with them. And Massachusetts has strict penalties. Why

bother risking it?

If you go in for nocturnal activities, take the time to go out to the dunes. They'll be there, and there'll be privacy there. If you let carnal need get in the way of common sense and try to during thin to the bushes in the village proper, you'll be in troubles in the old property, and any land owner, sprivate property, and any land owner, you're messing with the lawn or flower gardens.

Use a minimum of discretion in Ptown and you'll have a maximum good time.

DRUMMER 82

HOW TO GET MORE OUT OF

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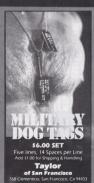


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This year marks the Utih an investory of the Stonewall Rebellion, and women everywhere.

We will march to support gay men and women here, and throughout the world, who look to this event, more than any other, as evidence that our numbers are plentiful and that our movement is strong.

We will march to remind local politicians, in this election year, that votes are not to be won at our expense, and that harassment of any part of our community will be met with the resistance of our entire community.

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Springs

Street Service Control of the Control of t

O.K. guys, here is our revised 1979 listing of saloons, bunks and tubs where you'll uncover DRUMMER men. No need to drop those bucks for those expensive "guides." It's all here!

We have gone to many sources in peparing this comprehensive DRUMMER guide, but most of our info came from you, our faithful readers, so greatly appreciate hearing from you about any popenings, closings, changes on modele

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MIKE'S CORRAL . 2020 Artesian Mr. Cherry
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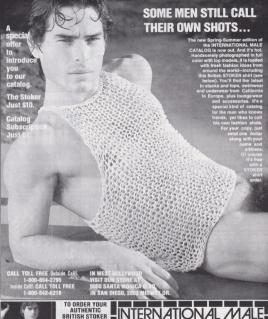
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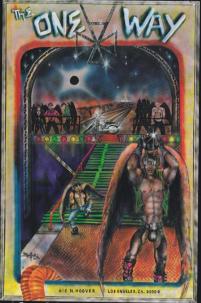
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Tacky's

Southwind Motel MIAMI

Parliament House (complex) ,

Gallery 1735 Maryland Studio (adjoins Gallery) 1735 Maryland

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Club Boston Baths 4 La Grange Chaps 25 Huntington Ave. THE BOSTON EAGLE . 88 Queensberry St.

Herbie's Ramrod 1254 Boylston St.

PROVINCETOWN

Atlantic House Hotel Bar Masonic Alley

164 Commercial St.

The Captain and His Ship (Guesthouse)

CALIFORNIA

SKYLARK ...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

PALM SPRINGS/CATHEDRAL CITY

C.C. Construction Co. . . . 68-449 Perez Rd. Dave's Villa Caprice (motel & soa) 67-670 Carev

An Old Friend (motel) 1830 Recourt Club Rd

Party Room 67-977 Hwy, 111

PALO ALTO Bachelor Quarters (baths) . 1934 University Av. Whiskey Gulch Saloon 1951 E. University Ave.

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SAN DIEGO

917 Inland Center Dr.

| SAN DIEGO | Parliament House (complex) | Ranch Guest House 198 Commercial St. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| BEE JAYS | 410 N, Orange Blossom Trail | Sea Drift Inn 80 Bradford St. |
| Fourth Ave, Club (baths) 3955 4th Ave. | TAMPA | SPRINGFIELD |
| THE HOLE 2820 Lytton | Kikiki | Quarry (below the Pub) 382 Dwight St. |
| The Hut | WEST PALM BEACH | MICHIGAN |
| SAN EDANGISCO | Dude County 520 Forrest Hill Blvd. Man's Country Bar 506 25th St. | DETROIT |
| Shadows | Town Pump | Club Detroit Baths 7646 Woodward Ave. |
| ARENA | | |
| | GEORGIA | INTERCHANGE 1501 Holden Stephen's Saloon 17436 Woodward Ave. |
| THE BLACK & BLUE 8th at Howard | P's | |
| THE BROTHEL HOTEL 1500 Sutter | P's 551 Ponce de Leon Ave, NE | MINNESOTA |
| The Brig 1347 Folsom | HAWAII | MINNEAPOLIS |
| BOOT CAMP | | Big Daddy's (baths) 3 N. 7th |
| The Club San Francisco 330 Ritch St. | HONOLULU / (Downtown) | Happy Hour |
| Cornholes (private club) 1369 Folsom Dave's Baths 100 Broadway | WAIKIKI | Locker Hoom Health Club 31b 1st Ave. N. |
| FEBE'S 1501 Folsom | Question Mark | MISSOURI |
| 527 Club | Club Honolulu (baths) | KANSAS CITY |
| | Cocktail Center 435 Atkinson | Bunkhouse (baths) 3109 Main St. |
| The Galleon 718 14th St. | The Steam Works (baths) 307 Lewers St. | Round Up 701 W. 12th |
| The Galleon | ILLINOIS | ST. LOUIS |
| Hand Ball Express (baths) 975 Harrison | CALUMET CITY | Gateway Saloon (in Bob Martin's Bar complex) |
| I-Beam (disco) 1748 Haight | MR. B'S CLUB 606 State Line | 201 S. 20th |
| The Jaguar (private) 4052 18th St. | | Club St. Louis Baths 600 W. Kingshighway |
| Liberty Baths | Barracks (baths) | Stadium Baths 201 S. 20th |
| Midnight Sun | GOLD COAST 501 No. Clark St | NEBRASKA |
| | Redoubt | OMAHA |
| RAMROD 1255 Folsom | Steamworks Ltd. (baths) 3131 N. Lincoln Touche' 2825 No. Lincoln | Diamond Bar 516 S. 16th |
| RAMROD | Touche' 2825 No. Lincoln | |
| Sutro Bathhouse (bisexual) 1015 Folsom | Man's World North (baths) | NEVADA |
| THE TRENCH (uniform bar) 164 8th St. | Steamworks Ltd. (baths) 3131 N.Lincoln | LAS VEGAS |
| 21st Street Baths | Steamworks Ltd. (baths) 3131 N.Lincoln | Las Vegas Spa (baths) . 1130 S. Casino Ctr. Bl. |
| | IOWA | Other Place 5410 Paradise Rd. Sixteen-Ten 1610 E. Charleston Blvd. |
| SAN JOSE | DES MOINES Country Cove | RENO RENO |
| Renegades 393 Stockton | Country Cove 203 - 4th | Club Baths 1030 W. 2nd St. |
| 641 Club 641 Stockton Watergarden (baths) 1010 The Alameda | | Trapp 5201 W. 4th St. |
| SANTA BARBARA | INDIANA | |
| Track Side | INDIANAPOLIS | NEW JERSEY |
| | Body Works (baths) 303 N. Senate Ave. Club Indianapolis Baths 341 N. Capital | ATLANTIC CITY (SEASONAL) |
| COLORADO | Ciub mulanapolis baths 341 N. Capital | Ramrod (above Lark Inn) , . 174 S. New York |
| Ball Park (baths) 107 So. Broadway | KANSAS | BRICKTOWN |
| Ball Park (baths) 107 So. Broadway | WICHITA | The Egyptian Baths 1714 Hwy. 88 CAMDEN |
| Den 5110 W. Colfax | Cattlemen's Assoc., Ltd 1534 Ida | Club Camden Baths 1498 Broadway |
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| Triangle Lounge | KENTUCKY | NEW YORK |
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